

THE FIVE CENT

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## Young Jack Harkaway and the Arabs.



"Kill you, Mr. Mole! why, we've come to let you out," said the foremost of the group, and he flung back the cowl of his Moorish cloak, thereby revealing to Mole the startling fact that, instead of a murderous Arab, it was young Jack Harkaway.

# Young Harkaway and the Arabs.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SUDDEN RUIN AND UTTER DOWNFALL OF THE GREAT MOLEY PASHA.

THE ladies' absence was a great relief to Mole. He devoutly hoped that he had forever got rid of the thirteen widows of his late lamented predecessor.

About an hour afterwards, when Mole was striving to calm his irritated feelings with a cup of coffee and hookah, Jack and Harry arrived.

As the reader has probably suspected, they had really been concerned in Mr Mole's recent adventure.

In short, Jack had been the Alme, and Harry the Hannifar, of the domestic scene we have described, the Turkish dress and the ladies' custom of keeping veiled, immensely assisting them in the imposture.

"Whatever has been the matter here?" asked Jack. "As we were coming along we heard a dreadful row outside, and saw a large body of troops bolting off in a deuce of a hurry."

"Oh, my sons," replied the pasha, in a tone of paternal pathos, "sore hath been the wretchedness and distress of your afflicted parent. I wish you had been here, then it could not have happened. I'll tell you all about it."

Jack and Harry Girdwood had sufficient self-command to listen with unmoved countenances to Mr. Mole's account of the adventure.

"Shall I write home to Mrs. Mole for you, sir?" said Jack.

"For the Lord's sake, no!" cried Mole, in dismay.

"You must never go out without a strong body-guard," said Jack, "for at any time they may have you seized and borne off to the harem."

"And you'll have to take care of yourself even at home," added Harry, "especially with regard to the food you eat, for in Turkey, those who owe a grudge think nothing of paying it out in poison."

"Gracious Heaven! don't talk in that way," cried Mole, "you quite make my blood run cold. I think—I hope—I can trust my guards and my new attendants?"

"I hope so, too," replied Jack, shaking his head in grave doubt.

"Oh, Allah—Allah!" exclaimed Mr. Mole, who had slipped naturally into the habit of using Turkish interjections; "what a life it is to be a pasha. I used to think it was all glory and happiness, but now I find, to my grief, that—if this sort of thing goes on, I shall bolt."

It being now far advanced in the evening, the pasha, wearied out with the cares and excitements of the day, retired to rest in the Turkish fashion, half dressed, and upon a kind of sofa.

His cork legs, of course, were carefully taken off first.

In this Jack and Harry assisted him.

The next morning, however, he arose more hopeful, and fully resolved to show himself a vigorous and successful ruler.

In his sumptuous seat in the divan, or hall of audience, Mole began to feel like a monarch on his throne, and signed his decrees with all the triumphant flourish of a Napoleon.

It was in the height of this power and glory that there arose a sudden consternation in court.

Murmurs arose, shouts, mingled with the tramp of many steeds, were heard outside.

"What's the matter?" asked the pasha. "Who dares to make a disturbance and disturb the pasha? Officer, command silence."

A deadly stillness fell upon the assembly.

But distant shouts in the streets and the tramp of horses recommenced.

The interpreter, and Harry and Jack, who stood on each side of the pasha, exchanged meaning glances.

It was evident that something serious was about to occur.

"Whatever is the meaning of this?" cried the pasha, who himself seemed to feel no suspicion and alarm. "Abdullah, go and see what it means."

The old interpreter at once hurried to the door.

Jack and Harry followed him.

Karam, the chief of the guard, did the same, and many of those about the court followed in a now excited and expectant group.

At this moment the shouts outside grew louder and fiercer.

An angry consultation, in which a half dozen at least were engaged, all talking at once, could be heard, and then Karam, the chief of the guard, came rushing back, with a face full of dismay.

"Your highness—" he gasped.

"Well, Karam, what's the matter?" asked Mole.

"A grand officer, who calls himself Moley Pasha, the same name as your excellency, is outside with a body of troops, and insists upon admission."

Mole started from his seat, and almost immediately sank exhausted with fright and horror.

"A—pasha—calling himself Moley!" he exclaimed. "What does he want?"

"He declares he has been appointed to this government by the firman of his imperial majesty the sultan, and that you—you—pardon, your highness, are an impostor."

Mole now knew the worst.

"Tell the so-called Moley Pasha," he exclaimed, "that he is the impostor. Here, guards, stand around me, and defend your rightful governor!"

The soldiers wavered.

Karam, the captain, also hesitated in enforcing the commands of Mole.

At this moment the scale was turned by Abdullah, the interpreter, rushing into the hall, and thundering forth:

"Down with the impostor, my friends. We have all been deceived by this usurper, who has forged the sacred signature of our mighty sultan!"

Poor Mole! he was entirely defenseless.

Jack and Harry did not return; probably they had been secured by the enemy.

Mole gave himself up for lost.

He was surrounded by an infuriated crowd, still shouting:

"Down with the impostor! Death to the infidel who dares to wear the colors of the blessed Prophet!"

It seems, indeed, that the luckless Mole would have fallen a sacrifice to lynch law, but at this moment the real Moley Pasha, with his troops, entered the hall, and at once commanded the infuriated crowd to stop, and relinquish their victim.

"Now," said the real Moley Pasha, "bring before me the stranger who has so audaciously assumed my title and dignity."

Poor Mole, now a trembling prisoner at the bar, was brought in.

"Prisoner," cried the pasha, sternly, "what do you dare to say for yourself in defense of the crime you have committed?"

Mr. Mole, in the deepest fright and humility, made shift to stammer in Turkish:

"I don't defend it at all; I—I was egged on to it by that young Jack Harkaway."

"What's Harkaway?" asked the pasha.

"The youth who came with me and passed as my son, Yakoob, and his friend, Harry Girdwood, or Haroun Pasha."

"Ah! two more impostors; bring them forward," said the pasha.

Search was made for Jack and Harry, but they were nowhere to be found.

"Well, we must make an example of the chief offender," said the pasha. "Prisoner, I find you have some difficulty in expressing yourself in our language, which alone should have stamped you as an impostor. I suppose you speak French?" he added, continuing his interrogation in that language. "I command you instantly to point out any other accomplices in this villainous fraud."

"The interpreter, Abdullah, your highness," said Mole, glad to be avenged upon that worthy.

Here Abdullah came forward.

"Inshallah! what lies do these dogs speak!" he exclaimed. "I swear to your highness, by the prophet, that I knew not, suspected not, till this moment, that he was other than he seemed."

"Peace!" sternly cried the pasha. "Show me the forgery you dare to call the firman of his sublime majesty, the sultan."

Mole instantly produced the unlucky document.

The real Moley Pasha instantly compared it with his own.

"An impudent forgery!" he exclaimed, turning to the cadi of the town, who had now arrived, and was much amazed and dismayed at what had occurred.

"Pardon me, I entreat, your excellency," said the old cadi. "I trust you will let this

accusation go no further. In any case, my associates in office were quite as much to blame."

"Twas this Frankish magician who has befooled us with his spells," said several of the town officials.

And they pointed at Mole with fierce and venomous gestures.

"I doubt whether it was witchcraft or mere folly," said the pasha, who was much more enlightened than most of his audience. "Prisoner, your crime is proved, and I sentence you to—"

Mole fell on his knees.

"To a week's imprisonment in the first place, which will allow time for further inquiries to be made, and, if necessary, to communicate and receive our sublime master's commands on the matter. Till then you will be kept in solitary confinement, on bread and water, and closely guarded."

"Mercy!" Mole found tongue to exclaim. "I trust—I implore that your highness will at least spare my wretched life, for I declare—"

"Away with him," interrupted the pasha.

So the unhappy Mole was taken off in chains to his dungeon.

## CHAPTER II.

### MOLE IN "THE DEEPEST DUNGEON"—HOPES OF RESCUE.

THE unfortunate Isaac Mole was now reduced to a position unprecedented even in his varied career.

He was placed in the deepest dungeon of the old castle, which was used as the town jail, in a cold stone cell all to himself, and a couple of fierce-looking bashi-bazouks to watch him.

Bread and water—both of the stalest—constituted poor Mole's only fare, and his lodging was literally "on the cold—cold ground."

The constant fear of a terrible doom haunted him.

It was the third night of his incarceration, and about the middle of the night Mole was kept awake by his own depressing thoughts, together with the gambols of the rats that infested the dungeon.

Suddenly the deadly stillness was broken by a sound outside which much agitated him.

"Ha, what sound is that?" cried Mole; "yes, oh, joy, it is the sound of a flute."

Could he mistake that note?

Who could make such melancholy strains but the desolate orphan—the melodious Figgins?

Had Figgins, forgetting all past differences and animosities, come to soothe Mole's captivity in this manner, or—horrible thought—was it a strain of malice or revengeful triumph that emanated from the long-suffering and tortured instrument?

But the flute did not long continue playing, and Mole conjectured that it was only a signal to which he was expected to respond.

He had no mode whatever of doing so, excepting a melancholy whistle, which, however, served its purpose.

Through the bars of the prison, which were far too high up for him to reach, a small object suddenly came crashing, and very narrowly did it escape falling on the prisoner's nose.

Reaching out his hand in the dark Mr. Mole picked it up, and found it to be a stone wrapped in paper.

He knew at once that it must be a written message from his friends outside, and again he whistled as a signal that he had received it.

A few triumphant notes on the flute responded to this, and then all was silent again.

How impatient Mole was for daylight, that he might read the letter.

But it was many hours to that yet, and sleep he found impossible.

At length, a faint streak came through the bars of the gloomy dungeon.

Mole, with some difficulty, dragged himself under this light, straightened out the paper, and read thus:

"ISAAC MOLE, ESQUIRE:—You are not forgotten by your friends, who much lament your misfortune. We very narrowly escaped being caught and served in the same way. We have, through Captain Deering, got hold of the British consul, to whom we have represented the affair to be only a practical joke, not deserving of a severe punishment. So we hope to get you off with a fine, which we will undertake to pay, whatever it may be. Therefore keep up your pecker, old man, and believe us to be

"Yours, truly as ever,

"JACK AND FRIENDS."

"Cool, after the way they've served me," was the tutor's mental comment upon this message; "but the question is, can the British consul, or any other man, get me out of the clutches of these ferocious Turks?"

The next night, Mole was able to sleep.

But his sleep was suddenly and fearfully interrupted.

An awful and confused noise, shouting outside, flashing lights through the bars, the clash of arms and the hurried tramp of men, indicated that the prison was the scene of some war-like commotion.

A horrible fear came upon him.

Was the prison on fire?

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" cried poor Mole, "this is dreadful. Oh, if I was only a boy again. I would stick to Old England, and never leave it there, they are at it again. Oh, dear, why did I leave Mrs. Mole?"

The noise was as if there were a mutiny or outbreak of some kind.

Should he be able also to escape the bullets and hard blows which were sure to be flying about in all directions?

Nearer and nearer came the sound of footsteps, louder and louder sounded the clashing of arms, and the clanking of chains.

A shout of triumph sounded just outside his cell door, and amid a volley of interjections in Turkish and Arabic, he fancied he could hear English shouts of:

"Hurrah! boys, we shall do it. Open every one of the doors, and set them all free."

Two heavy bolts were shot back outside, the heavy key was turned in the lock, Mole's cell door was opened, and in a burst of torchlight entered groups of armed Bedouin Arabs.

Mole shrank back in a corner, and gave himself up for lost.

These ferocious Moslems had doubtless come to murder him in hot blood.

In reality, their object was quite different.

The event that had happened was not an outbreak within the walls of the garrison, but an in-break of those whose purpose was to rescue the captives.

Jack and Harry had the day before put up at the encampment of some friendly Arabs, who became more friendly still when they found their guests liberal in respect of coinage.

One of the Arabs had a brother in prison awaiting the pasha's further orders of punishment, so they were anxious to help Jack and release the Arab chief.

Jack and Harry, being informed of this, thought it would be an excellent opportunity for the escape of Mole, who was incarcerated in the same jail.

The party set out in the middle of the night.

They soon reached the prison.

Darkness befriended them.

The first step was to gain admission into the outer yard or enclosure.

This they did by suddenly setting upon the two warders outside, and before they could give the alarm, binding, gagging, and disarming them.

Then, mounting one of the sentry-boxes, Jack and Harry, being the lightest and most agile members of the party, contrived thus to get over the gate, and drop down inside.

Here, with great labor, they forced back the ponderous bolts, and the Arabs poured into the building.

The alarm was taken, and the old castle of Alla-hissar, as it was called, was all in an uproar.

Jailers and soldiers, utterly taken aback by this sudden onslaught, made but ineffectual resistance.

Ere they could grasp their weapons and put themselves in order of defense, the Bedouins were on to them, striking them down, forcing away their keys, and illtreating them in proportion to the resistance to the attack they made.

"Tell me, slave," thundered the Arab chief, to one of the jailers, "in which cell my brother Hadj Maimoun is confined?"

"In—in No. 6," answered the man, trembling for his life.

"Art thou sure? Deceive me, dog, and thou diest," continued the chief, threateningly placing the muzzle of his pistol to the man's forehead.

"I swear, by the holy tomb of Mecca."

"Enough; and which is the key?"

"It is numbered, great lord; see here, No. 6."

"And the cell lieth—"

"To the right yonder. I will lead your highness thither."

"Do so, and if you attempt to deceive us, not

the fiend himself can save you from my revenge. Come on, friends; Hadj Maimoun shall be free."

A wild shout of triumph arose from the Arabs.

In a few moments they had reached the cell indicated, where a young Arab in heavy chains looked up at their entrance.

The chief recognized his brother.

"Strike off these chains, villain!" the Arab then commanded the jailer.

The chains dropped off the young Arab, whereat his friends raised another triumphant shout:

"Allah—Allah—Allah! Glory be to the Prophet. Hadj Maimoun is free."

By this time the prison was fairly in the hands of the victorious invaders.

One man, however, managed to slip out, and made the best of his way to the town to arouse the pasha and other officials.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RESCUE OF MOLE.

MR. MOLE'S place of incarceration would have been difficult to find in that large, rambling old building, had not Jack, by similar threats to those of the Arab chief, forced one of the jailers to tell him the number of the cell.

Armed with this information and a bunch of keys, Jack made his way to the deepest dungeon, followed by the rest.

Mole's cell was the most remote, and therefore the last they came to.

"Mercy—mercy! don't kill an unfortunate prisoner, who has got three wives somewhere about the world, and a lot of little black and white children to look after!" cried Mr. Mole, still confused by the tumult around him, and the ferocious aspect of the new comers.

"Kill you, Mr. Mole! why, we've come to let you out," said the foremost of the group, and he flung back the cowl of his Moorish cloak, thereby revealing to Mole the startling fact that, instead of a murderous Arab, it was young Jack Harkaway.

Harry was close to him.

A very few words now revealed to Mole the actual state of affairs.

"Oh, my boys—my boys!" he exclaimed, "what have I suffered all through you. But still, Jack, my boy, I was not afraid of them. No, my boy, I intended to have fought to the last, and I have no doubt I should have killed a dozen or two of 'em."

"No doubt, sir; but let us get out of this," said Jack. "Come on."

"But my hands are fastened with these heavy chains," said Mole.

"Bring a hammer and a chisel, you fellows," called out Jack, "and we'll have 'em off in no time."

The ex-pasha was therefore operated upon, and in a few minutes the chains were off, and Mole was nearly a free man—not quite free, however, for by this time the whole neighborhood was up in arms; the pasha had been aroused in a hurry, and mustering his troops, had hurried to the jail.

"We shall have to fight for it, lads," cried Jack, drawing his Arab saber; "we must cut our way through them, or we're lost to a certainty."

The Bedouins were prepared to follow their leader to the death.

The chief Zenaib, with his brother, Hadj Maimoun, led the desperate enterprise, and the numbers of their followers was now increased by all the escaped prisoners.

As they came rushing out, they were opposed by twice their number of well-armed troops, whom they had to cut through as best they could.

It was a desperate conflict.

Hand-to-hand, cut-and-thrust, bullets discharged from pistols and muskets, fierce charges with bayonets, continued for half an hour.

The confusion was dreadful, the noise deafening, numbers of men killed and wounded on both sides making the result far more tragic than our hero and his companion had ever anticipated or desired.

The prisoners fought to secure their liberty, the Arabs out of hatred to the Turks, while Jack and Harry, with no particular animosity against either party, now fought desperately in self-defense.

They received several severe cuts, and in a short time got entirely separated from their friend Mole.

He, meantime, half propped up against the wall, was valorously holding out against his former jailer, who was trying to recapture him. At length, the Arabs, finding it impossible to

break their way through so large a body of disciplined troops, fell back, and their destruction would have been inevitable.

But at this moment, one of the half-escaped prisoners called out that he had discovered a back entrance, on the other side of the building, through which they might all make their exit.

The Arab chief accordingly ordered an immediate retreat.

The Turkish soldiers, seeing this maneuver, gave chase to them, while others were ordered around to intercept their flight at the back.

Jack and Harry having returned to Mole, took him between them; each one holding an arm, they got along as swiftly as the cork legs and feet of the *ci-devant* pasha would allow.

But as ill-luck would have it, on emerging from one of the alleys, they met the detachment of Turkish soldiers, who at once rushed upon them.

The whole three gave themselves up for lost.

Mole at length stumbled, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Save yourselves at once," he groaned. "Don't mind me; I'm done for, I can't get a step further. Oh, dear, and my head's all bleeding from that sword cut. Run! Make haste, my dear boys; the wretches are firing at us!"

Reluctantly the two youths obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, by letting go the hands of the old tutor, and turning around, they immediately dived into one of the adjoining alleys.

It was just in time, for at that moment, two musket balls whizzed so close to them that the difference of a mere inch would have been certain death.

It was a narrow escape for them; but once out of sight of the soldiers, they finally reached a place of perfect safety, and after all, as Harry remarked:

"A miss is as good as a mile."

Meanwhile Mole's catalogue of misfortunes were still be added to.

Picked up, bleeding and exhausted, by the soldiers, he was instantly taken before the officer commanding the troops.

Several Arabs, a few Turkish soldiers, and two of the jailers had been killed, and there were many wounded men that required attending to.

The commander had enough to do in restoring matters to order, therefore, he left the punishment of Mole to his lieutenant.

"Remove all the prisoners, for the present, to the guard-room," said the lieutenant. "When I open my council at noon in the divan, bring them all before me."

"Your excellency's word is law," answered the head jailer, bowing.

The lieutenant turned his horse, and followed by his body-guard, rode home in a very ill temper.

An hour or two's rest, however, and the soothing effects of pipe and coffee, had somewhat restored his equanimity by the time he re-entered the divan.

Punctually at noon, the prisoners were brought before him by the head jailer.

"Let me see," said the lieutenant, referring to the document, and checking off the captives as they were identified; "horse-stealing, highway robbery, drunkenness, assault—yes, I have resolved what to do. As these offenses seem comparatively light, and as our prison is for the present inefficient, I shall order all these men to be punished with the bastinado."

"There is one more," said the lieutenant. "This, I find, is the wretched Frank who dared to penetrate our great pasha."

"Nothing escapes your honor's penetration," answered the vizier.

"Such a crime deserves a heavier punishment. However, when his turn comes, give him twenty-five blows."

"It shall be done, illustrious governor," was the response.

And forthwith were summoned the two burly officials whose unpopular duty it was to administer castigation.

One bore a stout rattan, the other several pieces of strong rope.

The frame to which they were to be lashed was then brought into the room, it being the lieutenant's intention that the punishment should be administered in his presence.

The first prisoner was then seized and his slippers—stockings not being worn by the majority of Turks—taken off.

He was then bound hand and foot, and securely tied to the frame.

The two executioners then took it in turns to administer ten heavy blows upon the bare soles of the criminal.

At the first blow, the "patient" set up a howl, which seemed but to increase the vigor and energy of the "operator."

It was indeed a terrible sight for any person of sensitiveness to see a human being—though deserving—suffer in this manner.

Mole, however, didn't feel any anxiety on that score, and he made up his mind to do the brave and noble Englishman, for he knew that they might hammer away at his cork soles forever, without hurting him much.

What troubled him was the probability that they would take his stockings off, and discovering the insensate nature of his "understandings," order him some other and more deadly punishment.

So, after the infliction of seeing several men suffer, with various degrees of bravery and cowardice, and all variety of groans and contortions, Mole heard himself called up for similar castigation.

He had, in the meantime, thought of a *ruse*.

Then, marching up boldly to the lieutenant, he addressed him:

"I know I fully deserve your dreadful but just sentence, and quietly will submit myself to the torture; but, I entreat you, do not compel me to remove my stockings, which, among my countrymen, is considered the deepest degradation, and never inflicted, save upon criminals sentenced to death."

"H'm!" said the lieutenant, somewhat moved. "For my part, I would just as soon suffer the infliction with bare feet as through a thin layer of stocking."

"But my feelings as an Englishman," pleaded Mole.

"Well, be it as you wish. Take off your shoes only; but, Hamed, remember to give it to him a little harder to make up for the stockings."

"Great lieutenant, I will obey. The force of the blows shall be doubled."

At this moment Mole saw the eyes of Tinker fixed upon him, and he should yet get help.

Mole then submitted himself resignedly to the hands of the torturers.

Binding him like the others, hand and foot, they tied him to the frame, and the chief castigator, rolling up his sleeves, proceeded to belabor Mole's soles with terrific energy.

The blows sounded fearfully loud and sharp, and each was given with such vigor that even the framework creaked under it.

But the victim showed no pain or terror.

He did not cry out, nor flinch in the least, nor strive to mitigate the pain by twisting about.

Thus ten heavy blows were given, and the inflictor paused.

A murmur of astonishment ran around the assembly.

"Truly the Frank hath wondrous strength and courage," exclaimed the lieutenant.

"Englishmen are generally brave," said an old Turk, "but I never knew one who would silently undergo such pain as this."

"Make the next ten blows harder."

The second man, therefore, in his turn, rained down upon the inanimate soles of the ex-pasha such fearful blows as resounded through the place, and made many spectators shudder.

But still the victim neither flinched nor cried out.

"Bismillah! this is truly wonderful, that a giaour so old, so grey, so apparently feeble, should thus bear so terrible a punishment. Harder, Selim. Now, do you not feel it, prisoner?"

"Of course I feel it, great pasha; it even tickles my beard," replied Mole; "but Heaven hath given me power to withstand this terrible torture, and the high spirit of an Englishman forbids me to cry out."

"I could scarcely have believed it, did I not behold it with my own eyes," said the puzzled lieutenant. "Selim, a little harder."

"Your eminence, the tale of blows is fully counted," said the man, laying aside his cane.

"Five-and-twenty already? I was so interested with the prisoner's fortitude, that I didn't count them. He has not suffered enough yet; give him five blows more."

"I am ready," said Mole, stroking his false beard. "Remember, an Englishman fears not pain. Strike away."

And he stretched out his cork legs to their full extent.

Five blows more were given, but had no more effect than the previous ones.

"By the holy Kaaba! but this amounts to a miracle," exclaimed the lieutenant. "I shall begin to respect the infidel for his heroism. Hamed, give him ten more blows; no, make it twenty, and do you, Selim, assist. That will be fifty; just

double the amount of the sentence. If he flinches not this time, he will deserve being let off altogether."

And in truth, it would, under ordinary circumstances, have wanted well-nigh the strength of Samson or Hercules to endure such torture as now came upon the schoolmaster.

Hamed and Selim, each armed with a heavy rattan, rained down alternately, thick and fast, a shower of blows upon Mole's wonderful feet, which even shook the room, but still couldn't shake Mole's resolution.

He writhed not, nor uttered cry, and showed not the faintest sign of giving way.

On the contrary, he jeered at the men.

"Bah! see how an Englishman can bear pain!" exclaimed Mole.

And to the intense astonishment of the Turks, he plucked out a good-sized handful of hair from his beard and threw before the officer.

"Allah is—ah!"

And the Turk stopped in the midst of his speech to spit out a second handful, which Mole, with good aim, had thrown into his mouth.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the bystanders, as Mole tore away at his false beard till he had nearly stripped the framework, while the tormentors worked away at his feet with redoubled energy.

"Stop—stop," cried the pasha, for the men in their energy had exceeded even the fifty blows without knowing it, and seemed to be going on *ad libitum*; "stop! unbind and release the prisoner."

The two men, who were bathed in perspiration through their exertions, accordingly removed Mole's bonds, assisted him to his feet, and helped him to put on his shoes.

"Prisoner," said the lieutenant, "your heroic conduct this day has won my deepest admiration. Be seated, and rest your poor feet, and then tell me something of your history."

"My poor feet will still support me, therefore I will not be seated, but standing thus," said Mole, stamping his cork feet on the ground, "will show you something wonderful."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MOLE PASHA ASTONISHES THE NATIVES STILL MORE—THE ORDER OF THE GLASS BUTTON.

"I AM all attention," replied the lieutenant.

"I come from a land," said Mr. Mole, with a grandiloquent flourish, "where we despise physical suffering."

The august Turks around were filled with wonder and with admiration for the speaker.

After what they had witnessed, they were prepared to credit Mr. Mole's extravagant assertions.

"Would you have some further proof of my great courage?" demanded Mr. Mole, folding his arms and striking a defiant attitude.

"Brave man, what more can you show us of your courage?" was the reply.

"Behold!" cried Mole.

The whole assembly eyed Mr. Mole's movements with the greatest curiosity now.

"Bring me a dozen sharp implements, such as swords, knives, daggers, etc."

They were brought to him, and he then laid them down in a row upon the carpet.

The first was a needle of the dimensions of an ordinary bodkin.

Next this was a small iron skewer.

After this came a long-bladed dagger knife.

And finally, there was a cut-and-thrust sword of alarming dimensions.

"You shall see now," said Mole, sternly, "how I can despise such trivialities as your bastinado."

What was he about to do now?

In solemn silence Mr. Mole bared his right calf, then requested the company of his black servant, Tinker, who was still in the hall.

The request was granted.

"Tinker!"

"Yes, Massa Mole."

"Go and fetch me—"

Here he sank his voice to a whisper, and the rest of his instructions were heard by no one save the darky, for whom they were intended.

In the course of a few moments Tinker returned and passed something slyly into Mr. Mole's hand.

It was a small sponge in an oil-skin bag.

Yet it appeared to be saturated with something, to judge by the way it was handled, for Mr. Mole slyly put it in his pocket.

Mr. Mole then took up the smallest of the row of implements just described.

"Behold what an Englishman can do!"

And then to the amazement of the spectators, he thrust the needle into the thick part of his calf.

A quiet smile played about the corners of his mouth.

But no sign of the slightest suffering.

"Judge how much your bastinado can effect me," he said, with superb disdain.

"Allah be praised!" ejaculated the Turk; "wondrous man!"

"Behold," pursued Mole, picking up the skewer.

He passed it fairly through his calf, and stood there with his foot firmly planted on the ground, gazing about him like another "monarch of all he surveyed."

"Look again."

And Mole took up a large nail, and hammered it into his foot, so that he was pinned to the floor.

"Allah be praised!" again shouted the Turks.

"One more proof," he said, disdainfully.

He picked up another dagger, and pushed it resolutely into the ill-used leg.

At same time he held the calf with his left hand, in which he concealed, with considerable dexterity, the sponge which Tinker had brought him.

Blood now trickled slowly through Mr. Mole's fingers, and ran down his legs and feet.

A thrill of terror passed through the assemblage.

"Yet another proof!" exclaimed Mole, grandly.

"No more—no more!" exclaimed the Turk.

Mole withdrew the nail from his foot, and the dagger from his leg, and seizing the sword, he thrust it with ferocious energy into the other mutilated leg.

He pressed his hand to the wound, and the blood flowed out in a small torrent, while the spectators groaned.

Mole looked around him proudly—defiantly.

Had he just conquered on the field of Waterloo, he could not have shown a greater apparent belief in himself.

He smiled sardonically as he bound up the wounded legs with his scarf.

Mr. Mole here nearly spoiled his exhibition of his marvelous power of endurance, for pricking his finger accidentally with a pin, he sang out lustily, much to the astonishment of the Turks.

But he was lucky to recover himself in time before the Turks could divine what had occurred.

"You must invent something more violent than any punishment I have yet seen here, if you would subdue the soul of Isaac Mole."

And he strode along with the air of the heavy man in a transpontine melodrama.

The marvelous exhibition of endurance aroused the phlegmatic Turk to real enthusiasm.

"Mole Pasha," he exclaimed, "you are a great hero. I shall seek an audience of his highness the sultan, and beg of him for you some mark of distinction, perhaps even to confer upon you the distinguished order of the glass button."

"The glass bottle would be more in your excellency's way, Mole Pasha," suggested Tinker.

And henceforth, when Mole walked abroad, the population was aroused.

"Behold the bravest Frank that ever lived," they said. "He is a great hero."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS—THE POISONED DAGGER.

As young Jack was sauntering through the streets of the town one day, he fancied that he was being followed by a man who was dressed in a semi-Oriental garb, but whose head was shaded by a broad-brimmed hat.

Jack was not given to fear without a cause, yet he certainly did feel uncomfortable now.

At first he thought of turning around and facing the man sharply.

But this, he reflected, might lead to a rupture.

A rupture was to be most carefully avoided.

He was determined, however, to assure himself that he was followed.

With this view he made a circuitous tour of the city.

Still the man was there like his very shadow.

"This is unendurable," muttered Jack.

So he drew up short.

Grasping a pistol, which he carried in his pocket, with a nervous grip, he waited for the man to come up.

But the man did not come up.

He disappeared suddenly, at the very moment that Jack was expecting to come into collision with him.

How strange!

Jack was not conscious of having an enemy—at least, not one in that part of the world.

"Very strange," he muttered; "very strange!"

And brooding over this episode, Jack wended his way thoughtfully homewards.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hah!"

Crossing the very threshold of his residence, Jack was suddenly and swiftly assaulted.

The same semi-Oriental figure had stolen stealthily up behind him, and with a murderous-looking knife, dealt him a sharp, swift blow.

Jack bounded forward, and turned around, pistol in hand, but so nearly fatal had been the blow, that Jack's coat was ripped down the back.

"Hah!"

The assassin was marvelously nimble; although Jack made a dart after him, pistol in hand, meaning to wreak summary vengeance upon him, the ruffian contrived to vanish again—mysteriously.

Strangely disturbed by this, Jack went home and related to his friends what had taken place.

"This is a rum go," said Mr. Mole; "you have been mistaken for somebody else."

"So I suppose," returned Jack.

"What's to be done?" said Harry Girdwood.

"Lodge information with the police at once, I should say," suggested Mole.

"By all means."

"What was he like?"

"I could scarcely see," was Jack's reply, "for he was gone like a phantom."

"Perhaps it was a phantom," suggested Harry, slyly.

"I should be half inclined to think so," said Jack, "if I hadn't received this solid proof that he was flesh and blood."

Saying which, he turned around and displayed the back of his coat, ripped open by the assassin's dagger.

"Well!" exclaimed Mole, aghast, "that is cool."

"I'm glad you think so," returned Jack, "for I can tell you it was much too warm for me."

"Well, we shall soon leave this wretched place, I hope," said Mole, "for I don't feel safe of my life. I am expecting every day to be had up at the pasha."

"We must always be on the watch now," said Harry Girdwood; "constant vigilance will be necessary to avert danger."

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us follow the movements of the would-be assassin.

The secret of his sudden disappearance was really no great mystery after all.

Darting around the first corner so as to put a house between himself and Jack's pistol, he found himself suddenly seized by a vigorous hand, and dragged through an open doorway.

"Let go," hissed the assassin, fiercely, "or—"

He raised his long-bladed knife to strike, but before he could bring his arm down, the dagger was beaten from his grasp.

"Now," said the stranger, planting his foot firmly upon the knife, "listen to me."

"You speak English!" said the assassin, in surprise.

"Because you spoke English to me," was the reply: "until then, I took you for one of us."

"What do you want with me?" demanded the Englishman, doggedly.

"Not much," returned the other, speaking with great fluency, although his foreign accent was strongly marked. "I have saved you from the consequences of your failure. Had my friendly hand not been there to drag you out of sight, your young countryman would have shot you."

"Well," returned the assassin, surlily, "I owe you my thanks, and—"

"Stop—tell me, would you like to succeed in this in spite of your late failure?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give you a safe and sure method."

"My eternal thanks—" began the foiled ruffian. The stranger interrupted.

"Reserve your thanks. Tell me what you can offer if I help you."

"Money!"

"How much will you give to see your enemy removed from your path?"

"I will give a good round sum," returned the Englishman, eagerly.

"Name a sum."

He did.

A good round sum it was, too.

"Now, then," said the Turk, producing a small phial containing a pale, greenish fluid. "Observe this."

"Well!"

"Anoint your dagger with this. Scratch him with it, let your scratch be no more than the prick of a pin, and he will be beyond the aid of mortal man."

"Is this sure?"

"Beyond all doubt. Would you have proof?"

"Yes."

"Wait here a moment."

The Turk left the room, and presently he appeared, carrying a small iron cage.

"Look."

He held up the cage, and showed that it contained two large rats.

"Now," said he, "remove the stopper and dip your dagger's point in."

The Englishman obeyed.

"Now, prick either of the rats ever so slightly."

The Englishman pushed the point of the dagger through the bars of the cage, and one of the rats came to sniff at it—probably anticipating a savory tit-bit to eat.

Moving the dagger slightly, it barely grazed the rat's nose.

But it sufficed.

The poor beast shivered once, and sank dead.

"What do you say now?" demanded the Turk.

"I am satisfied," replied the Englishman.

"Now, before you go," said the Turk, "I will give you a hint. The slightest scratch will suffice, as you see."

"Yes."

"Dip two ordinary pins in the poison, and send them by letter to your enemy. Place them so that in opening the envelope, he will probably scratch his finger."

The Englishman's eyes sparkled viciously.

"I will—I will."

"Let me know the result, and should you want my aid, you will note well the house on leaving so as to know where to return."

"Yes. What is your name?" demanded the Englishman.

"Hadji Nasir Ali," was the reply; "and yours?"

The other hesitated.

"Don't give it unless you feel it is safe," said the Turk.

"There's no harm in your knowing it," returned the Englishman. "My name is Harkaway."

"Hark-a-way?"

"In one word."

"I see. Farewell, then."

"Farewell."

And the interview was concluded.

\* \* \* \* \*

"That letter is a splendid dodge. Look out, Master Jack Harkaway, look out, for I mean to cry quits now, or my name is not Herbert Murray," muttered the Englishman, as he walked away.

But how Herbert Murray had got to Turkey requires some explanation.

It will be within our readers' recollection that after his unsuccessful attempt on Chivey's life, and the adventure of the groom with the old Spaniard, Murray found himself on board the same ship as his groom.

He resolved to make the best of this circumstance, as it could not now be altered.

A few days after leaving the Spanish coast they put into one of the Mediterranean ports, and there heard that young Jack and his friends had gone on to Turkey.

"I'll follow them!" exclaimed Murray. "I can do as I like now the governor's gone and I've plenty of tin, so look out for yourself, Jack Harkaway."

Murray's ship was delayed by adverse weather, but at length reached port, and Herbert had scarcely put foot on shore, when he beheld young Jack, the object of his deadly hate, walking coolly down the street smoking a cigar.

This so enraged Murray that he hastened to disguise himself in Oriental attire, and then made the attempt on Jack's life which we have related.

\* \* \* \* \*

That same night a man was found dead on the threshold of the house in which Jack Harkaway and his friends resided.

How he had died no one could imagine, for he had not a scratch on his body.

Yet, stay.

There was a scratch.

Just that, and no more.

In his fast-clenched hand was found an envelope addressed to Mr. John Harkaway, and on a closer examination a pin's point was seen sticking through the paper.

This had just pricked the messenger's hand.

So slightly that, had not the tiny wound turned slightly blue, it would have entirely escaped notice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack was now aware that he had in Turkey a deadly enemy, but who he was he could not yet tell.

When the men of skill assembled around the body, they were puzzled to assign a cause of death until one of them suggested it was apoplexy. So apoplexy it was unanimously set down for.

There was no more fuss made.

The man was only a poor devil of a Circassian, who got a precarious livelihood as a public messenger. So they

"Rattled his bones

Over the stones,

Like those of a pauper whom nobody owns."

And meanwhile, his murderer went his way.

"Fortunate I gave the name of Harkaway to that old professional poisoner, for they will never trace this job to me."

There was, however, one result from this using of Jack Harkaway's name which Herbert Murray certainly never contemplated.

But of this we must speak hereafter.

\* \* \* \* \*

In spite of his knowledge of the fact that he had enemies following his footsteps, our hero would not remain in the house.

"I am quite as safe in the street as here," said he, in reply to Harry Girdwood's representations of the danger he ran. "And I am sure, old boy, you would not have me show the white feather?"

"You never did that, and never will; but you need not run into unnecessary danger."

"Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just," and his revolver well loaded. Ta-ta! I am just going to stroll down to this Turkish substitute for a post office, and see if last night's steamer brought any letters."

So Jack strolled down accordingly, and found a letter for him.

His heart beat with joy as he recognized the handwriting, and he hurried home to read it. On breaking open the envelope, out tumbled a beautiful carte de visite portrait.

He kissed it till he began to fear he might spoil the likeness, and then placing it on the table before him, began to read. And this is the letter:

"DEAR JACK: You very naughty boy. Where have you been, and why have you not written? I have a great mind to scold you, sir; but on second thoughts, I think I had better leave the task of correcting you to your parents, who, perhaps, have more influence with you than I have.

"You don't know, dear, how anxious we have all been about you. Poor Mr. Mole has started in search of you. Have you seen him yet?—and if you don't write soon, I shall feel obliged to try and find out what has become of you, for I almost begin to fear that some fair Turkish or Circassian girl—"

"The deuce!" Jack thought; "she can't have heard anything of that affair yet. If Mole has written, the letter could not have reached England on the 20th of last month."

Then he continued:

"—has stolen your heart, and Harry Girdwood's, too. Why, poor Paquita always has red eyes when she gets up. So, darling Jack, do write at once, and cheer our hearts. I can't help writing like this, for I feel so fearful that something has happened to you. So be a dear, good boy, and send a full account of all your doings to your father, and just a few lines to

"Your ever faithful and affectionate

"EMILY.

"P. S.—I was just reading this over to see if I had been too cross, when your father came in with a photographer, who took my portrait without my knowing anything about it. Do you think it like me, sir?"

Then followed three or four of those blots which ladies call "kisses."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MR. MOLE AGAIN OUT OF LUCK.

HERBERT MURRAY, attended by Chivey, was strolling down the principal street of the town, smoking his cigar, thinking how he could yet serve out young Jack, when he suddenly saw, on

in front, the figure of an elderly man, who appeared to walk with difficulty.

He made such uncertain steps and singular movements as he hobbled along by the aid of a stick, that the effect, however painful to him, was ludicrous to the on-lookers.

"Why, blessed if it ain't old Mole, the man who came to bid young Harkaway and his friends goody-by, when we sailed," cried Chivey.

"Or his ghost," said Murray.

"I'll have a lark with him, sir," said the tiger, laying his finger aside his nose, and winking knowingly. "You see!"

And walking nimbly and on tiptoe behind the old man, he soon caught up to him without his knowing it.

Murray halted at a little distance, ready to behold and enjoy the discomfiture of Mole.

The reader must be informed that the venerable Isaac was then experimenting upon a new substitute for those unfortunate, much-damaged members, his cork legs.

An American genius, with whom he had recently made acquaintance in the town, had induced Mole to try a pair of his "new patent-elastic-spring-non-fatiguing-self-regulating-undistinguishable-everlasting cork legs."

The inventor had helped Mr. Mole to put on these formidable "understandings," and given him every instruction with regard to their management.

"They'll be a little creaky at first," said the American; "nothing in nature works slick when it's quite new, but when you get 'em well into wear, they'll go along like greased lightning; now try them, old hoss."

Creaky indeed they were, for they made a noise almost as loud as a railway brake; but what was even worse, was that the Yankee had failed to inform Mole of the fact that the "new patent," etc., were only fitted to act perfectly on a smooth surface.

Now the roadway, or footway—for they are all the same in those old Turkish towns—are the very reverse of smooth, being principally composed of round, nubbly stones.

Consequently, Mole's locomotion was the reverse of pleasant.

Chivey crept up behind the old schoolmaster, and seizing an opportunity and one of his legs, gave it a pull, which caused Mole to roar with fright.

Down, of course, came Mole on the nubbly pavement, but Chivey didn't have exactly the fun he expected, for instead of his getting safely away, Mole fell on him.

"Oh, it's you, is it? You, the bad servant of a bad man's wicked son!" exclaimed the angered tutor; "it's you who dare to set upon defenseless age and innocence, with its new cork legs on? Very good. Then take that, and I hope you won't like it."

Whereat he began pummeling away at Chivey.

Chivey roared with all his might, till a small crowd of wondering onlookers began to collect.

"What do you mean by daring to assault my servant in this manner?" asked Murray, sternly, as he came up.

"He attacked me first," protested Mole; "and it's my belief you set him on to do it."

"How dare you insinuate—" began Murray, and he violently shook the old man by the collar.

But there was more spirit in Mole than Herbert was prepared for.

By the aid of a post, the old man managed to struggle to his feet, and leaning against this, he felt he could defy the enemy.

"My lad," he said, "it's evident that you didn't get enough flogging when you were at school, or you'd know better manners; I must take you in hand a bit now, sir; there!"

With his stick he gave a cut to the palm of Murray's hand, just as he was wont to do to refractory pupils in the old days.

Murray was livid with rage.

Chivey, now rather afraid of Mole, didn't interfere.

"Come on, if you like, and have some more," said Mole; and shaking his stick at both of them, he again urged on his wild career.

Very wild it was, too.

Mole's patent legs, which outwardly looked natural ones, were indeed self-regulating, for they were soon utterly beyond the control of the wearer; they seemed to be possessed of wills of their own; one wished to go to the right, the other to the left.

Sometimes they would carry him along in double-quick march time, and anon halt, beyond all his power of budging.

Of course the boys of the town were attracted

by the stranger's singular movements, and began to hoot and jeer.

The merchants were interrupted at their calculations, the bazaar keepers came to their doors, long pipe in mouth, to see what the "son of Sheltan" was about.

Mole was red in the face with such hard work.

"Confound the Turks!" he cried; "why don't they make their roads smoother? Oh, dear, I wish I could manage these unhappy legs; there they go."

By this time the crowd had become unpleasantly dense around him.

"Out of the way, un-Christian dogs!" cried Mole, flourishing his stick around his head; "I'm an Englishman, and I've a right to—halloo! there it goes again."

For here his left leg took two steps to the right, and he came down with all his weight upon the toe of a white-bearded Alla-hissite.

"Son of a dog!" growled the old Turk, as he rubbed his pet corn in agony; "may your mother's grave be defiled, and the jackass bray over your father's bones!"

"I really beg your pardon," began Mole, but just at this moment his right leg was taken with a spasmodic action, and began to stride along at a furious rate, creaking like mad.

Mole lost all control (if he ever had any) over his own movements, and was carried forward again till he came where Herbert Murray and Chivey, having made a detour, happened to be just turning a corner of the street.

"Stop me!" yelled Mole, as he flourished his stick over his head; "my spring legs are doing what they like with me. I have no control over them. Oh, dear! they are at it again."

Chivey, undeterred by his recent castigation, thought he would repeat the trick, so, when Mole came up, he, by a vigorous jerk, turned him around as on a pivot.

He was thus stopped in his forward course, but this didn't check the action of his clockwork legs, which now scuttled along as swiftly as before into the very heart of the yelling crowd.

The result was rather bad for the Turks; they went down like a lot of ninepins before Mole's railway-like progression.

"A mad Christian!" they cried; "he is possessed with a devil! down with him!"

The perspiration streamed from Mole's face; he felt that if the spring-work in his new cork legs did not stop, he should die.

At this moment a body of women approached, closely veiled.

Their *yashmaks* obscured all but their eyes, which could be seen to open wide in wonder at the extraordinary behavior of the red-faced giaour.

Two of the younger and slender ones fell with piercing screams before Mole's impetuous charge.

A third, a stout woman of middle age, stood her ground, and Mole, before he could stop himself, rushed into her arms, and floored her.

The scream she gave surpassed in loudness that of all the others put together; and brought up several ferocious-looking Turks, bent on condignly punishing the outrageous conduct of the mad Englishman.

"Death to the giaour! down with him!" roared the excited crowd.

What fate he would have suffered we dread to think, but he found an unexpected deliverer in the person of the old, white-bearded Turk, whose corns he had trodden on.

"Defile not your hands with the blood of the unbeliever," he said; "but take him before the cadi to answer his conduct."

"To the cadi—to the cadi!" was now the cry.

"Hear me," said Mole, astonishing himself by his proficiency in Turkish; "I am not to blame, but at all events, take up those two other Englishmen who assaulted me."

He pointed to Murray and Chivey, who had by this time got into a dense crowd of Turks, whom they were elbowing in an angry manner.

"Take all the infidels before the cadi!" cried the Turks.

Herbert Murray and Chivey were accordingly seized, and the whole three borne off to one doom.

The cadi was seated in his *divan*, administering justice, as was his custom, in the open air.

His style of doing so was summary, but vigorous.

"Let the giaour, who has unwarrantably assaulted the true believers, receive one hundred lashes," he said; "or pay fifty pieces of silver to our treasury."

"I haven't got the money," said Mole.

"Then receive the punishment," said the cadi.

This time there was no ceremony used; two negroes bound Mole, pulled off his shoes and

stockings, and exposed to view the new patent steel clock-work legs.

"Allah, what have we here?" cried the cadi. "Is the Christian enchanted, to be half man, half machinery?"

"My lord," said Mole, "if you'll only permit me to speak, I'll explain all."

"Having lost my legs in the wars, helping the Turks to beat their foes, I have been induced to try as a substitute this new invention, and behold, the legs were enchanted, and I had no control over them."

"Allah kerim! Can this be?" exclaimed the cadi.

"That was the whole reason of my conduct, your excellency," pursued Mole; "otherwise, I would perish sooner than have attacked true believers. But these infidels," he added, pointing to Murray and Chivey, "first attacked me, as many here may bear witness."

"If that be so," said the magistrate, "we will remit your sentence on payment of fifty sequins."

"Gladly would I pay the sum if I had it," said Mole; "but I haven't."

"Search him!" cried the cadi.

Mole was searched, but the investigations of the officer could not bring to light a greater sum in his pockets than a bad sixpence and a battered fourpenny-piece.

"Little enough," grumbled the cadi, pocketing the amount; "but as it is all you have, I consent to take it. We must have it out of the other infidels; they too are English, and look rich. Bring them before me."

Herbert Murray and Chivey were accordingly examined.

Mole gave evidence as to their assaulting him, though they utterly denied doing so, but Mole's statement being backed up by several believers who had witnessed it, the judge declared both guilty, and sentenced them to the bastinado.

"Me bastinadoed!" exclaimed the indignant Murray. "I'd have you know, sir, that I'm an Englishman of rank, of influence, of property, and—"

"Of influence, eh? Very good; then you'll have to pay a fine of five hundred sequins," cried the cadi, exultantly.

"I swear that I haven't—"

"Search the infidels!" cried the cadi.

The officers did so, and altogether twenty-five pounds, in gold, notes and silver, were found upon Murray and Chivey.

With an audible chuckle, the cadi took possession of it all.

"There," he said, "so now go in peace, all of you; and if I find you making another disturbance in the town, it will be bastinado and jail, as well as a fine. Go, infidels, and remember the grand Turk."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONSPIRATORS—THE DEED—THE FALSE INFORMERS.

THE walls of Alla-hissar gleamed in the noon-tide heat.

The air was heavy with sleep, which weighed upon all living things, and made them seek shelter from the burning sun.

All was still in the city.

It seemed as if the spirit of death brooded over all the habitations.

Yet there were some awake at that dreary hour.

Gathered together at one of the principal houses in secret conclave were some of the chief Turks of the province.

In spite of the heat, the heavy curtains covered the doorways.

The door was shaded, and the assembly spoke in subdued tones.

At length Ibrahim Bey, a grave old Turk, subtle and resolute, arose.

"It is sacred then, friends," he said, looking around at the assembly; "the deed must be done, and the hour is at hand."

"Such is the will of Allah," was the reply of conspirators.

"'Tis decided, then, that Moley Pasha, our new governor, has, since he has assumed power, done all he could to destroy our old customs, and introduced the manners of the infidel Franks, therefore he must die."

"He must die," murmured the assembly.

"Allah's will be done," said old Ibrahim, turning up his eyes piously; "but by whose hand shall the blow be struck? Who will take upon himself the dangerous deed?"

Up rose Abdullah, the interpreter, formerly of Mr. Mole's party.

"I will do it," he said, in a firm voice; "he dies

ere another hour has sped. I will risk the deadly danger, if you will guarantee, that if I succeed, I shall be rewarded."

"That is but just," said Ibrahim Bey. "Should it be his sacred majesty's pleasure that I succeed Moley, a post of honor shall be the guerdon of your bravery."

"I accept the terms," said Abdullah; "I know a secret way into the palace, I have a disguise and a dagger; doubt not my courage for the rest. Wait here, my friends, and ere another hour strikes, I shall return to say the deed is done."

He glided from the room, leaving the others wondering at the cool audacity with which he undertook so desperate and criminal a deed.

The angel of sleep had spread her wings over the seraglio of Moley Pasha.

The veiled beauties of the harem had retired to their luxurious rooms.

The pasha slept soundly and peacefully.

Well for him had his dreams warned him against the peril that hovered over him like a black shadow.

For the form of a woman, tall, thin, closely veiled, glided along the passages of the harem.

Her steps gave forth no sound, and she disturbed not the sleeping servants.

She glided like a smooth serpent, or an invisible spirit; her presence was unseen, unfelt, unsuspected.

She enters the inner chamber where lies the unconscious pasha.

She bends over him, she draws forth a knife, slender, tapering to a point almost like a needle.

The pasha still slept on, the fountain outside made sweet music, heard through the curtains and windows.

A smile played upon the pasha's lips.

He was dreaming, perchance, of the rosy bowers, and the dark-eyed *houris* of paradise.

Suddenly the knife descended, there was the flash of a moment, while it hovered like a hawk over its quarry, the next instant it was buried in the pasha's heart.

A deep groan was the only effort of expiring nature.

The fiercely flashing eyes and part of the face of the murderer were now exposed; the dress was that of a woman, but the form and features were those of Abdullah the interpreter.

For a moment he stood gazing on his deed, then lifted some tapestry which concealed a small door, and disappeared.

\* \* \* \* \*

What cry was that which startles the seraglio from its siesta?

What combined lamentation disturbs the whole palace with its harrowing intensity?

All the inmates of the establishment have been rudely awakened from their slumbers.

It was the pasha's favorite wife who had broken in upon the privacy of her lord, and she had found him dead.

Dead, plainly by the assassin's dagger; but what assassin, none could even suspect.

None could conjecture by what means any stranger could have obtained entrance and exit.

Then arose that dreadful wail of despair; that beating of breasts and tearing of tresses.

The news soon spread, and the whole town was in a fever of commotion.

Who had done the deed?

Who was to be Moley Pasha's successor?

The conspirators played their parts well.

Ibrahim Beg pretended to be terribly amazed and shocked; he refused to be placed at the head of affairs until the sultan's will should be known, and he offered rewards for the discovery of the assassin.

A council, consisting of Ibrahim and others, was now established to temporarily rule the town.

A grand funeral, at which all the dignitaries of the place attended, was given to the unfortunate pasha, the evening after the assassination.

The same night arrived a firman from the sultan, proclaiming Ibrahim Pasha of Allahissar.

Such is the perilous nature of power and dignity in Eastern lands.

Ibrahim at once appointed Abdullah his vizier, and gave all the other conspirators important posts.

Several perfectly innocent men were arrested and hanged on a pretended suspicion of having caused the late pasha's death.

At the first divan held by the new pasha, two Englishmen were announced, who were said to be bearers of important evidence about the murder.

They were admitted accordingly, and proved to be no others than Murray and Chivey.

"Christians, you are welcome," said Ibrahim, through this new vizier. "Allah, in his wisdom

hath sent you hither, wherefore discover your knowledge."

Murray bowed, and seated himself upon a chair pointed out to him by the pasha.

Chivey, as a servant, wasn't honored with a seat, whereat he murmured, half to himself—

"Well, they might let a cove sit down, and if they offered us a drop of something cool this hot weather, it wouldn't come unwelcome."

Reclining on his divan in the old Turkish style, and smoking his *hookah*, Ibrahim listened to Murray's communication.

"It may already be made known to your excellency that there is in your dominions a young scapegrace of an Englishman, named Jack Harkaway. He has surrounded himself with many doers of evil, worse even than himself, among whom is an old scoundrel, formerly a schoolmaster, who though he had lost both his legs, still continues to go about and get into mischief."

"The audacious giaour who dared to impersonate Moley Pasha?" asked Ibrahim.

"The same," continued Murry. "Well, I have received proofs that it was this Harkaway and his friend who murdered the real Moley Pasha."

"Shade of Eblis!" exclaimed Ibrahim, pretending to be much shocked. "This must be seen to; Christians, proceed."

"Harkaway was once my friend," continued Murray, "and it is quite against my will to speak against him; but my love of justice is above all other considerations."

"Christian," said Ibrahim, "proceed."

"In the harem of your illustrious predecessor," said Murray, "there lately resided a Greek girl, of exquisite beauty, named Thyra, a pearl of delight, a peri of Paradise, and she was bewitched by this Harkaway, who, how we know not, penetrated within the sacred precincts of his highness's harem, and stole her away."

"Vengeance of Allah! but he deserves death!" exclaimed the pasha, half rising, and his eyes flashing with anger.

"But, your eminence, to make his crime complete, he committed another; he stabbed the pasha to the heart."

"By the sword of the prophet, he dies!" exclaimed Ibrahim; "but what proof hast thou of all this?"

"I can bring several witnesses to the truth of what I say," said Murray. "If any other proof were wanting, Thyra, the pearl beyond price, disappeared from the palace the very day, the very hour of the pasha's death, and she is now at the residence of Harkaway and his friends."

"Please your worship," here broke in Chivey, "if you'll let me have my talk, I'll prove it as sure as eggs are eggs."

"The giaour's servant entreats your highness to listen to the words of truth," was the way in which the astute Abdullah translated this appeal.

Chivey gave his evidence, a story carefully concocted between him and his master, and to this was added the confirmation of several natives of the town, men who would swear black was white for a dollar or two.

Of course, old Mole was represented as Harkaway's chief adviser, and his aider and abettor in the late pasha's death.

The story, of course, did not really impose upon Ibrahim Pasha; he knew more of the actual facts than Murray could do, but it served his turn to pretend to believe it, so he thanked Murray for his information.

Abdullah (the real assassin) was so profound a dissembler, so utterly devoid of conscience, that he put down at Murray's dictation, the names of the innocent Harkaway and his friends, remarking, calmly:

"I think we have got hold of the right criminals at last."

"We will send and have them arrested at once," said Ibrahim. "Vizier, let these Christians be rewarded for their information by a purse of gold, and dispatch an armed force to the lair of those English dogs who have slain my lamented predecessor. And, vizier, don't forget, whatever you do, to bring the beautiful Thyra to me."

"Pasha, to hear is to obey," said Abdullah, bowing.

"Ha-ha! I think we've done for the Harkaway party this time," said Murray, gleefully, to Chivey.

"It was a capital dodge, I must say," answered Chivey, "although my belief is that Ibrahim Passher is an old rascal, and knows who really did for the last governor."

"Keep all such suspicions to yourself," said Murray.

In a short time the captain of the pasha's guards, with a detachment of troops, marched out to arrest our hero and his friends.

The news spread like wildfire that the murderers of the late pasha had at length been discovered.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### JACK HAS TO STAND A SIEGE.

AND how far was Jack Harkaway and his friends really guilty in this matter?

It was indeed true that Thyra, the beautiful Greek slave before alluded to, had fled from the harem of the late pasha.

But this had nothing at all to do with his assassination.

No doubt Thyra cherished a strong attachment for young Jack, having found a refuge in the same house.

She could not overcome it.

"I throw myself upon your protection," she said. "If I returned to my master, my fate would be instant death, but that would be preferable to live without you, and be forever separated from you."

Jack was much embarrassed.

He told her, gently as he could, that her love was hopeless.

"Oh, do not say that!" cried Thyra, bursting into tears. "Do not send me away; I'm ready to be your slave, and obey your every word."

Jack consulted with his friends under this difficult and delicate condition of affairs, and they all agreed that Thyra must not be given up to the pasha.

An hour afterward, the report of his murder made matters still more serious.

But he never dreamed that any suspicion of the actual crime would be turned against himself.

It was, therefore, agreed to keep Thyra in close concealment, until an opportunity offered to get her back to her friends.

The house occupied by Harkaway and his friends, was, like most Oriental edifices, built for endurance.

The walls were thick and strong as those of a castle.

The doorway was narrow and led into a square courtyard or garden, and with a fountain in the center.

Into this yard most of the rooms opened.

The windows facing the street were mere loopholes.

The roof was flat, and in the evening formed a favorite lounge, approached by a flight of steps, from one angle of the court.

It is necessary to be particular in describing the house, that our readers may fully understand what follows.

Jack Harkaway was one morning in the courtyard, near the center, with Harry Girdwood, looking at a heap of curious weapons, which they had purchased when roaming about the bazaars.

"Why, we've got quite an armory here," said Harry Girdwood. "It's a pity we haven't got some fighting to do to use them."

"I mean to make the place into a kind of fortress," said Jack. "Here, Bogey."

"What you after, Massa Jack?" asked the niggers, appearing instantly.

"Go and take charge of the gate, and don't let anyone pass in or out without my order."

"Right you are, massa; me keep him safe as a sentry box," answered the darkey.

And he started off to take up the post assigned to him.

Jack next summoned Tinker.

"Serve us up our dinner here under the trees," said Jack; "and be quick about it, you rascal, or —"

"Understand puffeckly, massa," responded the black. "To hear yer is to obey yer, as dese Turkeys say. Yah-yah!"

It was very pleasant to sit down to their repast under the refreshing shade of the trees.

Of course Mr. Mole and the orphan, as well as Thyra, the waiter and the diver, were summoned and came at this juncture.

The orphan and Mole appeared arm-in-arm.

Mr. Mole had a black bottle in one hand and a tall glass in the other.

He looked very jolly, while the orphan appeared rather melancholy, for his flute had got slightly cracked.

"Have a drop to raise your spirits," said the schoolmaster, filling him a brimmer, and fairly forcing it into his hand.

The orphan could not refuse so pressing an invitation.

He drained the glass, and as it came upon the

top of several more, its effect upon him was not inconsiderable.

Intending to walk straight to the table, he walked, instead, extremely "slatindicular," till lurching up against the fountain as he passed it, he stumbled over its ledge, and fell with a splash into the middle of its basin.

Mr. Mole, with the best intentions in the world, rushed to his companion's rescue.

Before Mole could reach the orphan, his patient legs being still uncontrollable, and his head unsteady also, he fell backwards, smashing his wine bottle on the stones of the courtyard.

The scene was certainly ludicrous, and elicited much laughter from the spectators.

They, however, helped the orphan out of his accidental and very unwelcome bath, which, though it had drenched him, had also sobered him.

Mole was also assisted to re-assume an erect posture, and in a short time, both of them were sufficiently recovered to take their places at the table.

Mole and Figgins seemed somewhat struck by the warlike appearance of the place.

"What are you going to do with all that cutlery?" inquired Mr. Mole.

"Perhaps you mean to set up in the scissors trade?" suggested the orphan.

"You'll see by-and-by, old man," answered our hero. "We shall find 'em useful, perhaps sooner than you expect."

"Oh, dear! I hope not," exclaimed Figgins. "I'm sure I don't want any more fighting; I have had more than is good for my health."

The waiter now took up his accustomed duty of attending on the guests.

The diver, at Jack's request, summoned Thyra, whose classic features, slender form, the Eastern garb, were well in keeping with the scene around.

A seat of honor was kept for her at the *al fresco* banquet, to which Jack gallantly conducted her.

No one could doubt her love for him, for it shone out in her slightest action, her very words, and look, and tone. It seemed a pity that he could not return it, otherwise than by studied politeness and consideration.

To be at his side, to hear the sound of his voice, was her greatest happiness, and made her forget all other dangers and troubles.

When towards the conclusion of the meal, Jack proceeded to:

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine," and hand it to Thyra, it was to her a moment of supreme pleasure.

Her dark eyes sparkled, her soft cheek flushed, and her jeweled fingers trembled as they held the crystal glass, filled with what, for his sake, and independent of its own nature, was to her as the nectar of the gods.

"Hark! What noise is that?" asked Jack, with such suddenness, that Thyra spilt some of the wine ere it could reach her lips.

There was indeed a sound in the street like the blended hum of many voices, and tread of many feet, each moment becoming louder.

"Perhaps it is some procession," said Harry Girwood.

"Or a march around of the troops before the new pasha," said Mole. "Oh, how I pity him."

"No, there's something up more dreadful than that, I am sure," exclaimed the orphan. "Oh, this terrible country. I'll go home to-morrow if they'll only let me."

"Here, Tinker, you black son of a gun; go up on the roof, and see what's the matter," said Jack.

The nigger ascended as nimbly as a monkey.

At that moment a thundering knock came at the outer gate.

"What you want?" asked Bogey, still acting as porter.

"Open, in the name of the pasha," said a stern voice outside.

Bogey replied not, but ran to his master.

Tinker and he arrived breathless at the same moment.

"Awful lot o' soldiers—Turks—outside, big guns and swords, massa," said Tinker.

"Wants to come in here, too," added Bogey. "Hark! Oh, ain't they giving what for at the door. They're at it again a-hammerin' away."

And the thundering knocking was repeated louder than before, and a stern voice demanding Thyra, the slave.

"Just as I feared," cried Jack; "they've found out where Thyra is, and have come to drag her back."

"Oh, powers of Heaven, protect us all!" she exclaimed, nervously clutching Jack's arm. "Am

I unfortunate enough, dear Jack, to have brought you into this great peril? I entreat you to save yourselves by surrendering me; only do me one favor; let one of your number shoot me dead as soon as I am in the enemy's hands."

"Impossible, dear Thyra," said Jack. "Do you think, as a boy of England, it is possible for me to act in that cowardly way? No; we must make a gallant resistance. Surely we are well prepared; here are arms enough for all. Where's the Irish diver?"

"Here, your honor, ready for any row that's goin'."

"Mr. Mole, you can handle a gun," said Jack; "here is one that will just suit you."

The waiter and the orphan were also accommodated with weapons, but the orphan thought he would rather load the guns than fire them off.

"Quick! get all the movables, and place them against the gate," said Jack. "With its own strength, its bolts, and bars, and keys, and a barricade behind it, we can defy this band of Turks, or the sultan himself."

All gave a cheer at these defiant words, and proceeded with their impromptu fortification with great vigor.

"I'll go up on the roof and reconnoiter," said Harry.

And dangerous as was this duty, he proceeded to it with great alacrity.

In a few moments he came down, with much consternation on his face.

"This is a bad job, Jack," he said; "worse than I thought."

"How?" asked our hero.

"We are accused of murdering the pasha, as well as carrying off the young Greek girl. There are over a hundred of the pasha's troops on guard outside, with that scoundrel, Abdullah, at the head of them, and thousands of wild Moslem fanatics, thirsting for our blood."

"I will go and see for myself," cried young Jack.

"For Heaven's sake, don't," said Harry, restraining him; "it will be certain death, for you, as our leader, are the particular object of their animosity."

Thyra's entreaties were even more pressing.

She threw her arms around Jack's neck, and earnestly entreated him not to risk his life.

"Dear Thyra," said Jack, "you shall not be taken. I will, and must protect you."

He sprang up the stairway, and was soon on the roof.

It was a sight, indeed, to appal the stoutest heart.

As far as the eye could reach was an excited crowd, restless, furious, and thirsting for vengeance.

In the front were a body of troops, in the Turkish uniform, led by the captain of the guard, by whose side could be recognized the sinister countenance of Abdullah.

They caught sight of Jack Harkaway.

He was recognized.

A shout burst from a thousand throats; a deep, angry cry, like the roar of a tempestuous sea.

Thousands of eyes flashed upon him—the eyeballs gleaming white from out of the dusky skins.

"The murderer of the pasha—the despoiler of the harem!" they cried. "Death—death to him, and all the Christians!"

Jack endeavored to parley with them, but it was useless, until silence was restored by the commands of the captain of the guard and Abdullah, who called out to Jack:

"Resistance is useless; surrender at once, or I will not answer for your life."

"If you want me, you must come and fetch me," returned dauntless Jack.

"Your blood be upon your own head, then," said Abdullah.

The captain gave the word of command, and the battering, for a while suspended, was recommenced upon the door below.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SIEGE—THE ESCAPE—A DESPERATE RUSE.

JACK now left his dangerous elevation, and returned to his friends.

"Quite as bad as it can be," he said; "there's nothing for it but to make a desperate resistance, and to die game."

The yells and shouts of the crowd outside were like the combined roar of a large herd of wild beasts.

The blows became more furious on the door.

It quivered beneath the repeated shocks; but its own strength, and that of the fastenings, and

particularly the barricade behind it, still defied the efforts of the besiegers.

Suddenly the hammering ceased, the yells of the crowd subsided.

Then came a volley of musketry.

They were firing at the door.

The volleys came thick and fast; the wood-work, strong as it was, began to be penetrated by the bullets.

It was clear the place would soon be untenable.

Should the besiegers enter, all hope of escape would be over.

"At least, we'll return their fire," said Jack.

The windows in the wall facing the street were mere loopholes.

At each of these Jack commanded one of his men to take his stand, and pick off the enemy with the rifle.

It was a dangerous game, but it served its purpose.

Several of the besiegers fell before the well-aimed shots of the besieged.

The Turks began to think that they were being opposed by a considerable force of well-armed men.

Their own shots failed to reach the highly-placed and narrow windows, which were now so many portholes for the fire of the besieged.

The captain and Abdullah accordingly ordered their troops to fall back.

The excited crowd gave a yell of disappointment.

"I do believe we've defeated them, after all," cried Harry Girdwood.

But it was only a lull in the storm—a fatal presage of overwhelming disaster.

The Turkish commanders now resolved to make certain of victory by bringing up a cannon.

If, by this means, their troops could once effect an entrance—and this was almost certain, what would stop their progress?

What were Harkaway's mere handful of men against the thousands they would have to encounter?

Once more, and at greater peril than ever, Jack went on to the housetop to reconnoiter.

He laid himself down flat, that he might not be seen, but yet contrived to take a rapid glance of the position.

The house was detached on three sides; the fourth side was built against the side of a mosque.

Upon those three sides the building was entirely surrounded by troops.

The only chance of escape would be by the mosque.

But how was this to be effected?

The wall of the sacred building rose high above that of the house.

Jack raised himself to examine it more closely.

A flash—a report, and the whiz of a bullet told him that he was observed.

A volley followed from all sides.

It would therefore be impossible for his party to raise a ladder, and thus escape from their own roof on to that of the mosque.

Jack, the bullets whistling thickly around him, managed to crawl unhurt to the trap-door and again descend into the courtyard.

"Well, Jack, what do you think of the situation now?" asked Harry.

"Desperate, indeed."

"They gave you a very warm reception, my boy," said Mr. Mole.

"It will be warmer still when they capture us," said Harkaway.

"Oh, gracious—gracious! how shall we ever get out of this? Oh, dear—oh, dear! I wish I was in London once more," cried the orphan, wringing his hands.

His distress contrasted strongly with the calm, self-possessed demeanor of the beautiful Thyra at this time of supreme peril.

"There is but one thing we can do," said Jack.

"What is that?" asked Harry, anxiously.

"Break through that wall and get into the mosque; that's the only side of the building which isn't surrounded."

"But it is impossible to pierce such a wall as that," said Harry.

"We'll try, at all events," Jack responded.

"Come, boys," he added, "one last desperate effort, and we'll baffle 'em yet."

The waiter and diver understood in a minute.

Hurriedly they collected the tools—pickaxes, crowbars, chisels and hammers—and they all set to work on the masonry.

But their momentary hopes soon subsided.

The mortar had in the course of ages become even harder than stone itself.

It was impossible to make any impression upon it.

When they saw this, disappointment was depicted upon every countenance.

Jack flung down, in sheer despair, the chisel with which he had attempted to break up the mortar.

As the implement fell upon the stones of the courtyard, Thyra's quick ear noticed the peculiar sound.

"It is hollow beneath here," she exclaimed, eagerly.

Again testing the floor in the same way, they became convinced that she was right.

There were probably vaults beneath this courtyard, and this stone concealed the entrance to them.

Animated by this fresh hope, the party now worked away, and in a few minutes had lifted the ponderous flagstone.

A flight of rude steps, leading down into utter darkness, was discovered.

"As I thought," cried Jack; "these are vaults. We may baffle them yet. Bogey, run down immediately, and see what they are like."

Bogey hesitated not a moment, but skipped down the rude steps and disappeared.

The others waited his return with great anxiety.

At this moment a shout of triumph was raised by their enemies outside.

It signified that the cannon had been brought, and that the attack would soon recommence.

The hope of escape was still of the very slightest.

In a few moments Bogey returned.

"Well?" asked Jack.

"All cellars, massa, going along—oh, miles an' miles under de earth, all dark, 'cepting a bit of light that comes here and there through little holes in de roof. Plenty of room to hide all of us, sar. Oh, golly, won't de nasty Turks go mad?"

"Hurrrah! down you go immediately," said Jack. "Now then, ladies first. Harry, I commend Thyra to your care. Take her down."

"I cannot, will not leave you, dear Jack," she cried, desperately clinging to our hero.

"No—no; I will soon be with you. For Heaven's sake, Thyra, do not hesitate now, or we shall all be lost. Go quietly; it is my wish."

Thyra resisted no more, but with Harry's assistance, descended the steps into the vault.

"Now, Mr. Mole, down you go," said Jack. "Here, Figgins, you take his legs and go first, or they'll be running away with him again. Tinker, follow behind, supporting his head."

But Mr. Mole objected to this arrangement.

"What! do you think I'm an infant, to need carrying?" he said, with offended dignity. "No, though I have got patent, self-controlling cork legs, I can walk down by myself."

And to prove this, he began jauntily descending the steps.

But the next moment he lost his footing, and, with a cry, tumbled right down to the bottom, on to the body of the unfortunate orphan.

Luckily, it was not very far to fall, and Mr. Mole was very little hurt, though Figgins got the worst of it.

"Now, boys, down you go," cried Jack. "Hark! they are battering down the gate with artillery."

At that moment a ball tore through the doorway, shattered the top of the barricade, and at length lodged in the solid masonry.

Yells of triumph broke from the Turks.

"Quick! Tinker—Bogey, for your lives!" cried Jack.

"Is it that we are to desert ye?" cried the Irish diver. "No, Mr. Jack, I'll see you down first."

"Please make haste," said Jack, almost imploringly. "Of course I shall save myself; but I'm the captain, you know, and I mustn't leave the ship till the last."

Thus reassured, the rest descended, and no sooner was the last safe in the vault, than Jack Harkaway shut down the stone in its place, thus closing the opening.

Then he hastily laid earth in the interstices around it, and tried to efface all signs of its having been recently removed.

With equal rapidity, he gathered up the crowbars, chisels, etc.

All this time the firing continued.

The door would soon give way, and the enemy pour into the courtyard.

Was our hero mad, thus to remain behind while his friends escaped?

No.

His conduct was part of a desperate and deep-laid design.

He saw that if he had followed them in their

rapid flight, the Turks would be sure to perceive that the stone had been removed, and this would at once enable them to discover the retreat of the whole party.

By remaining outside, he could restore the stone to its original appearance.

And this he had now done.

But his own safety.

He had thought of that, too.

Wild and desperate as was his scheme—one that required far more than ordinary courage to accomplish—gathering up the tools, he re-entered the house, and rapidly ascended to his own room.

Here, from the window, he could perceive how much the crowd of enemies had increased outside.

He was almost shaken off his feet by another discharge of artillery.

But every second was precious.

Hastily Jack robed himself in the ordinary garb of a middle-class Turk—for he had plenty of Oriental garments—bound a turban around his brows, and rubbed his face all over with a chemical powder, which greatly darkened his complexion.

He quickly stained his eyebrows a deep black, with henna.

None of his friends could now have recognized Jack Harkaway.

But how were his enemies to be deceived and eluded?

Having completed this hasty transformation, Jack descended the stairs.

He looked out into the courtyard.

A third discharge of artillery had now broken down the door, and the troops were rapidly clearing away the obstacles before entering in a body.

Loud were their shouts of triumph, and Jack recognized the countenance of Abdullah lit up by a savage satisfaction.

But a glance sufficed.

Jack then retired into the smaller garden at the back, where he completely concealed himself under some thick shrubs.

In a few moments, the troops were all over the yard, probing and seeking in every corner.

Just as Jack had calculated, the soldiers were followed by a wild helter-skelter of Turks, of all ages and conditions, fanatical Moslems, who were ready to raze to the ground the accursed house where the Christians had taken refuge.

The soldiers were considerably surprised to find no one.

They sought in every room in vain, to their intense disappointment.

Abdullah's fury was terrible to witness.

Speedily the whole house was filled with a motley Turkish rabble.

In this fact consisted Jack's safety.

Seeing the moment when a number of the Turks were passing his hiding-place, he stepped out and mingled with them.

In the confusion, nobody noticed him.

In appearance, he was just like a score of other wild Turkish youths who were in the throng, shouting lustily: "Death to the Christians!" in which cry Jack joined with great vigor.

The crisis of his danger was now over.

He had only to follow the movements of the crowd, and join the first group who, tired of their search, went back through the gate.

This soon happened, and among those disappointed Turks, Jack Harkaway was not for a moment conspicuous.

Mingling now with the crowd outside, Jack soon found an opportunity of slipping down a side lane, and reaching the suburbs of the town.

He was free, his disguise protecting him.

He now increased his speed, making towards the desert.

For there dwelt the tribe of Arabs with whom he was friendly, who hated the new pasha as much as the old one, and who would be sure to extend their assistance to the gallant young Englishman, and enable him to rescue his friends.

They received him kindly.

Jack told his story—in which they were all powerfully interested—but they told him that nothing could be done until the chief returned.

In the meantime, our hero was so overcome by excitement and fatigue that a deep sleep fell upon him, despite his efforts to keep it off.

They were, in fact, the remains of some ancient and long-disused fortifications, of far greater antiquity than the edifice which had been built over them.

Light and air were only admitted by small gratings on the sides of the roofing, which was about level with the ground outside.

As soon as the party had got over the confusion of their hurried concealment, Harry Girdwood took the lead.

Their greatest distress was the loss of Jack Harkaway.

That he was not with them soon became evident.

And that being shut outside would be certain death to him, seemed equally so.

Thyra could by no means be consoled.

Her grief at this separation from Jack took the form of intense and violent lamentations.

She declared that had she known that Jack would thus be left outside, no consideration would have induced her to enter the vaults.

In her frenzy of despair and her love for him, she resolved to go back and perish with him.

But all her efforts were inadequate to raise the stone which had already resisted the greater strength of Harry Girdwood.

As soon as the Greek girl could be in the least degree pacified, the party proceeded through the vaults, Harry reminding them that they were by no means out of all danger, but that further on some other outlet, or at least more secure retreat might be discovered.

It was a great drawback that they had no lamp or candle, but Tinker had a box of matches, and by lighting one of these at every few yards, they were enabled to gain some idea of the place they were in.

In this way they penetrated a considerable distance, till, arriving at a kind of wide underground room, the party rested awhile.

Harry Girdwood now proposed to go and explore the further portion of this subterranean region.

Leaving, therefore, the others resting, he took the box of matches, and entered the further passage.

He soon found a low rugged opening, from which another passage branched off.

Going through this, Harry was almost sent falling on his face through making a false step, for he did not see that this passage lay more than a foot lower than the other.

Then he struck one of his matches, and by its light perceived that this passage was lower, narrower, and more rugged and winding than the rest of the vaults, and seemed to have been hewn out of the earth, rather than built in it.

"Perhaps this leads to a cave," he thought, "inhabited by robbers or wild beasts. In that case I shall come off badly. I ought to have brought Bogey with me; he's ugly enough to frighten anybody. Never mind, here goes."

And grasping his cutlass in one hand, and in the other a piece of lighted paper, which he had twisted into the form of a torch, Harry Girdwood marched manfully on.

Grazing his head against a jutting piece of rock reminded him that the passage was growing very small, and it behoved him to stop.

Suddenly Harry stopped.

He heard voices.

He saw the gleam of a light at the end of the passage.

He was apparently approaching some robbers' lair. Here was a fresh peril.

But there was still time to draw back from it.

No; urged on by curiosity, Harry determined to see and know the worst.

In a few moments that curiosity was gratified.

He came to a point where the narrow, winding passage terminated, leading out to a lofty, rugged vault, fitted up in rude imitation of a room.

Here, seated upon the floor in a group were about a dozen men, all armed, and by their dress and appearance evidently Bedouin Arabs.

Harry was at once reassured.

He knew that the Arabs were enemies of the Turks.

The sharp eyes and quick ears of one of these sons of the desert soon spotted the stranger, and before he could resist or retreat, gave the alarm.

Two of them seized and secured him.

Harry now feared that his curiosity would cost him dear.

Questioned by their chief, Harry, by dint of words and signs, explained what had occurred.

The Bedouins became at once friendly.

They were ever ready to help even the unbelieving Christians against the still more hated Turks.

Two of their number, were therefore, told off to accompany Harry back.

## CHAPTER X.

ADVENTURES IN THE VAULTS—NEW FRIENDS—JACK AGREEABLY SURPRISED.

We must now follow Jack's friends in their subterranean flight.

By the aid of a torch, the three soon found their way to the rest of the party, who were astonished and alarmed at the ferocious appearance of their intending deliverers.

Indeed, the waiter and diver drew their weapons and prepared to offer resistance, but Harry stepped forward and explained that the Arabs were friends.

Thyra, who could speak perfectly both Turkish and Arabic, acted as interpreter, and gave a full account of all that had occurred, which seemed to impress the Bedouins greatly.

The beauty of the speaker produced a powerful effect upon the young and gallant chief, to whom Thyra particularly addressed herself.

"Oh, brave sheikh!" she exclaimed, "hasten to assist the Englishman whom I love, and who has fallen into their hands while so generously saving his friends."

"Lady, more beautiful than the peri of the gate of Heaven," replied the chief, Kara-al Zariel, "I and the warriors of my tribe will protect thee and thy friends."

Thyra knelt and kissed the hem of the Arab chief's garments in humble gratitude.

He raised her from the ground.

As he did so, the deepest admiration shone from his dark and luminous eyes.

But Thyra felt love only for young Jack.

"We were even now debating how to attack the Turks," said the Arab, "for Ibrahim is our enemy; but from thy words, it would appear that they are strong and many, and armed with the weapons of western science. In the desert we fear neither men nor kings, nor armies, but in the cities our strength availeth not."

"But you will fly to the assistance of brave Jack?" implored Thyra.

"It is too late; already the castle is in the hands of the pasha's men, and your friend, doubtless, is their captive."

"But you will rescue him?" entreated Thyra; "promise us that."

"I promise to make the attempt, fair maiden," answered Kara-al Zariel; "but it must be by night and by stealth."

"That hope gives me comfort," exclaimed Thyra.

"Thou seemest greatly to love this Frankish youth," observed the chief, bending his dark eyes upon her; "if so, he is much to be envied."

"Gallant emir," said Harry, addressing Al Zariel at this juncture, "is this cave safe from the entrance of our common enemy?"

"Safe as the top of Caucasus, as far as we are concerned," the chief answered. "The Turks know not of these vaults, and if they did, would not venture here to be at our mercy. It was through these vaults that we intended to enter and take the town by surprise."

"But where does the other end lead to?" asked Harry.

"Into our native desert, where its opening is concealed by a dense thicket," replied Al Zariel. "We have often found these caves very useful in our excursions against the Turks. But you and your friends shall accompany us to our tents, where the Turks will be bold indeed to seek you."

Harry thanked him for this generous offer.

This arrangement having been made, the party quitted the caves by means of a narrow path leading between two walls of high rock.

Two of the chief's men, disguised as Turks, were left behind to enter the town, and keep an eye upon the condition of affairs there.

The chief, of course, took command of the party.

He seemed to make Thyra the especial object of his care.

It was evidently a case of "love at first sight" towards her who had been, with equal suddenness, smitten with Jack Harkaway.

And both attachments were equally hopeless.

In some parts the path was so narrow that it was with difficulty they could squeeze through it.

This rugged path proved particularly difficult to Mr. Mole, whose head was, as usual, not entirely free from the fumes of alcohol, and whose ungovernable legs still insisted upon going all ways but the right one.

But his Arab friends occasionally assisted his progress by prodding him in the back with their long spears, a species of incitement he could well have dispensed with, but which they insisted upon affording.

The poor orphan, too, was, as usual, bowed down with weight of woe.

"Oh, what a cold I am having," he exclaimed, pathetically, feeling for his pocket-handkerchief. "It's tumbling into that fountain that did it. Oh

dear, what shall I do? It will be my death, I know it will."

Such was the burden of his lament, which greatly amused the others, especially Bogey and Tinker.

They were now on the edge of the desert some distance outside the walls of the town.

The Arab tents could be faintly descried in the distance.

They had still some distance to walk in order to reach them.

The road, however, was now plain and easy, consisting of the usual flat desert sand.

On nearing this encampment, they were challenged by a Bedouin sentinel, but the chief, stepping forward and explaining, the whole group were of course readily admitted.

The black and white camel hair tents dotted the plain to a considerable distance, and numerous horses and camels were picketed around.

One of the principal Arabs having conferred with Kara-al Zariel, he went back to his English guests, saying;

"Christian friends, I will now show you what will cheer your hearts even more than the flesh of lambs, or odor of pure bread. Behold!"

And throwing back the curtains of the tent, he exposed Jack Harkaway, attired as a Turk, peacefully sleeping upon a rude couch.

The astonishment and relief of mind experienced by our friends at this discovery cannot be described.

Their joy at finding Jack safe was equal to their wonder how he had escaped.

But what words will denote the ecstasy of Thyra?

With a cry of delight, she ran towards him, and kneeling beside his couch, poured forth thanksgivings to Heaven for his deliverance.

This caused some jealousy to the noble chief, who now began to perceive how passionately the "Pearl of the Isles," as he called the beautiful Greek, was enamored of the youthful Briton.

"Stay," he said, as Thyra passionately impressed her lips on the brow of the sleeping youth. "Stay, or you will wake him. The Christian sleeps the slumber of the weary; disturb him not, and his waking will be all the more joyous."

"Thou sayest right," answered Thyra. "If he is happy, sleeping or waking, 'tis not for me to intrude upon his happiness. But I will sit here and watch his slumbers, that I may be the first to greet him when he awakes."

"You mustn't do anything of the kind, miss!" interposed the waiter. "Girls can't live upon love, though you seem inclined to try at it, and as we've got a nice supper awaiting us at that tent, Mr. Girdwood insists upon your coming to join us."

With some difficulty Thyra was induced to assent, and again left the object of her idolatry sleeping in blissful unconsciousness of her presence.

A short time, however, only elapsed, before either awakened by some outward sound or disturbed by some dream, young Jack started up, much confused and puzzled to find himself in this strange place.

Then he remembered the events of the day.

"Halloo! what's that?"

Could he believe his eyes, or was it possible that, beyond the group of Bedouins sitting feasting around the camp fire, was another group, among which the figures of Harry Girdwood, of Mole, and of Thyra were conspicuous?

It must be a dream.

Jack leaped to his feet, fixed his eyes on the group, and now recognized also Mr. Figgins, the Will-o'-the-Wisp forms of Bogey and Tinker fitting about and waiting on the others.

Now convinced, Jack rushed out of his tent into the larger one.

A perfect storm of welcome greeted him, and mutual surprise and delight were exhibited by all.

Thyra was beside herself with joy.

"Oh, dear Jack," said she, "I thought never to see you more."

"How did you get away from the Turks?" asked Harry Girdwood and two or three of the others in chorus.

Jack told his story, and in turn listened to his companions' adventures, and there were mutual congratulations upon their escape.

Never in all Jack's wandering was there a happier occasion than this re-union.

in frame, for the toils, anxieties, and dangers of the day had been sufficient to exhaust far greater strength than hers.

It was not that she had not much cause now for anxiety of mind.

Jack was safe—that to her, was the first consideration, and all his friends, including herself, had been rescued by his cleverness from the more imminent perils that beset them.

But her soul was in a state of great agitation; dark, melancholy thoughts, which would not be chased away, continually oppressed it.

This interfered with the blissful visions, the roseate castles in the air which was so prone to build, and of which Jack Harkaway ever formed the central figure.

If she could win his love, and accompany him to England—a grand and mysterious region which she had all her life longed to see—Thyra thought the climax of happiness would be reached.

But still she felt a terrible presentiment, that, not only this would never be accomplished, but that some dread and imminent fate was hanging over her.

"To-morrow," she murmured, "the hand of destiny will lie heavily upon me; there is a voice within that tells me so."

And this melancholy condition continued throughout the hours of darkness.

She looked out of her tent.

All around her slept.

Even the sentinel had fallen asleep beside the camp fire.

The air was laden with the chill breath of night, but the stars were fading and the first gleams of dawn were breaking through the eastern mists. At such a time the appearance of the vast desert was especially gloomy and depressing.

Thyra turned her gaze in the direction of the town.

What cloud was that coming thence, and advancing along the plain towards the camp?

The Greek girl strained her eyes to penetrate the mist; in this she was assisted by the growing light of the morn.

Presently the cloud shaped itself into recognizable distinctness.

It was a mass of armed men.

The Turks were marching on their track!

Thyra's terror for a moment kept her spell-bound.

This onset boded destruction to herself and all her friends; above all to him she loved best.

Involuntarily she uttered a cry of alarm, which at once aroused the whole of the camp.

The Arabs sprang to their feet, and seized their arms.

In an instant all was commotion.

Kara-al-Zariel heard that beloved voice, and in an instant was at Thyra's side.

"What has alarmed the Pearl of the Isles?" he asked, in the poetic phraseology of his race.

Thyra stood with dishevelled hair, and dilated eyes fixed upon the approaching army, at which she pointed with trembling fingers.

"Look—look!" she exclaimed, "they are coming—the Turks are upon us!"

Kara-al-Zariel followed her gaze.

He saw the cloud; he knew the danger.

"To horse!" he thundered. "To arms! every son of the desert, and every Christian guest!"

Instantly the horses were untethered, and the riders mounted; armed men assembled on foot, and every warrior appeared in readiness.

Jack Harkaway and his friend Harry, by this time familiar as old soldiers with these sudden calls to arms, soon answered the summons; and the rest of their party, on hearing the danger, were not backward in preparing for it.

There was in the encampment a large number of fleet Arab steeds, more than were actually required by the tribe, but the chief, like many of his race, dealt largely in horseflesh.

This was particularly fortunate on the present occasion, for their Christian allies could also be mounted, and if overwhelmingly outnumbered by the enemy, could save themselves by flight.

All the more experienced warriors were now sent to the front, to face the first shock of the coming attack.

Kara-al-Zariel led the beautiful steed to Thyra.

"Mount, sweet maiden," he said; "this steed is one of my fleetest. Go, ride on towards the sea, for our enemies are coming fast upon us, and this is no place for thee."

Thyra mounted, but steadfastly refused to take flight.

"Thinkest thou, oh, chief, that I will fly from this danger?" she snid, scornfully. "Never! I will escape with my best friends, or perish with them."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GREEK GIRL'S FOREBODING—A BATTLE WITH THE TURKS.

THYRA slept little that night.

This could not be because she was unwearied

In vain the emir persuaded her to seek safety at once.

"To perish or to fall again into the hands of the licentious Turks," he said; "remember, rash girl, these two terrible fates menace thee."

"If I am killed," responded Thyra, "it is the will of Heaven; but ere I become a captive to the Turks, the dagger shall end my life."

Her resolution being evidently fixed, the Arab chief ceased to persuade, but resolved, through the coming fight, to do all he could to shield her from danger.

On came the enemy's forces.

The light was now sufficient for it to be perceived that they consisted of a large and well-armed body of Turkish cavalry.

The were led, as before, by the captain of the guard, and the truculent vizier Abdullah.

It was through the latter's acuteness that the vaults beneath the castle had been discovered, and conjecturing that the fugitives had escaped thus, he had traced them into the desert.

He, therefore, organized an expedition to set out and surprise them in the camp.

Abdullah's plans were deeply laid.

He wished to capture the Greek girl, that he might curry favor with the Pasha Ibrahim by presenting her to him.

He was resolved to secure and punish Harkaway and the other Christians, to turn away every public suspicion from himself and Ibrahim, as to the late pasha's assassination.

After that, it is exceedingly probable that the unscrupulous interpreter meant in some way to destroy Ibrahim, and set up as pasha himself.

These subtle treacheries are common under the corruptions of Oriental rule.

The vizier intended to take the Arabs by surprise, and he would have succeeded in this, had it not been for Thyra.

Instead, therefore, of finding a sleeping encampment, he found the whole tribe up in arms, and ready to receive him.

Other tactics were therefore necessary, but Abdullah believed that his own superiority in numbers would insure victory.

As the Turkish regiment approached, they spread themselves out, their object being to surround the force opposed to them.

On came the Turks.

Their sabers flashing and clashing.

The steeds neighing.

The sands of the desert rising up in clouds beneath their thundering tread.

Arrived within a short distance, the two armies halted and surveyed each other.

Then a trumpet sounded to parley, and a messenger rode forward to communicate with the Arab chief.

"To the Emir Karal-al-Zariel," said the soldier, "thus saith the great Lord Ibrahim, pasha of Alla-hissar. Whereas, though thou hast been often a rebel against his highness's lawful authority, yet will he pardon thee all past misdeeds on conditions that thou shalt give up the Frankish men and the Greek woman, who are accused of the secret murder of his late highness, Moley Pasha. Refuse this, and no mercy will be shown to thee or to thy tribe."

"Tell thy ruler or his officers," thus replied Karal-al-Zariel, "that I refuse his proffered pardon; that Ibrahim is an assassin and usurper I despise and defy; that I will never deliver up to his hands those who have sought my hospitality, and that I and my tribe, and my guests, will resist him and his, to the death."

This rebuff was sufficiently conclusive.

There was nothing now but to commence the fight.

Shots came forth from the midst of the mass of Turkish horsemen, and were promptly answered from the muskets of the Arabs.

The battle cry of the Bedouins rang out clear in the morning air.

The first rays of the sun now lit up the plain, piercing the clouds of mist and desert dust, and gleaming upon the rapidly-moving blades and barrels.

Now shone out the white naiks of the Arabs and the red caps of the Turks.

The Ottoman cavalry pressed with terrible force upon the Bedouins, whose old-fashioned long guns were inadequate to compete with the modern European rifles of their foe.

But on each side, the bullets tore through the ranks, and laid low many a gallant warrior.

The fray soon became a fierce and close one.

A fight, hand to hand, muzzle to muzzle, and sword to sword.

One slight advantage was on the side of the Arabs.

They and their horses were quite fresh, while

the Turks and their charges were wearied with a long and difficult march.

Our friends did not forget they were Englishmen, and upheld the honor of their country in the personal bravery they showed upon this occasion.

Jack Harkaway and Harry Girdwood hewed their way right and left among the Turkish horsemen.

They were like mowers among the corn, their sickles sharp and their harvest heavy.

Soon shone the morning sun brightly upon this scene of strife.

The Turks, from their numbers, could relieve their comrades when they became tired.

The Arabs had no such advantage.

They began to thin terribly.

But still they fought on with unabated vigor, and succeeded in preventing the enemy surrounding their encampment, and enclosing them in.

Kara-al-Zariel was ever in the thickest and most perilous part of the contest, encouraging his men with his presence.

He performed prodigies of valor, and his long, hiltless Arab saber was stained deeply with the blood of his foes.

The diver and the waiter both showed themselves skilful and valorous in fighting, and if Mole and Figgins failed to distinguish themselves so much, and preferred the more modest and retiring rearguard of the army, we must consider the weak nerves of one and the wooden legs of the other.

Bogey and Tinker were in their element, and their African blood spurred them on to deeds of bravery, sometimes even approaching barbarity.

Thyra, stationed on horseback in the rear, had in her a spirit of heroism, which of her own will, would have led her to the very front of the battle.

But the entreaties of the chief and of Jack induced her to restrain her valor, and remain in a position of comparative safety, from which she could see all that went on, and discharge a pistol when she saw a chance of bringing down a foe.

But by degrees the Arab ranks were broken.

Their numbers were fearfully diminished, and no efforts of theirs seemed to make any perceptible diminution of that of the enemy.

So the chief resolved upon a retreat.

But ere this could be effected the Turks succeeded in placing a large contingent in a position to intercept them.

"We must cut through them, or we are lost!" exclaimed the chief.

The war cry of the Arabs was again raised.

They dashed at a portion of the living ring that surrounded them.

They cut their way through the circling mass of steel.

## CHAPTER XII.

### STILL THE BATTLE RAGES.

At that moment Kara-al-Zariel's horse received a mortal wound, and sank beneath the chief.

He fell heavily, and narrowly escaped being trampled to death by his own advancing men.

But procuring another steed, he again led the van.

Jack Harkaway had already had two horses killed under him.

He was disfigured by blood and smoke, and dizzy with weariness and excitement, but he still fought like a lion, for it was for life.

The task of breaking through the Turkish ranks was a terrible one.

Many Arabs fell dead in the desperate attempt.

As fast as gaps were made in the ranks of the enemy, they were filled up by fresh men.

The horses trampled upon the weary limbs of the wounded.

Into this wild *melee* Jack plunged, closely followed by his friend Harry.

Our hero struck down a gigantic Turk, fired a revolver into the face of another, and gave a cut right and left with his sword.

Taking advantage of the passage thus made, the other Englishmen rapidly followed their leader.

Thyra was led by the waiter and the diver, while Mole and Figgins mutually assisted each other.

It was amid shots falling like hail in every direction, and menaced by killing blows from heavy sabers that this retreat was made.

Thyra performed another act of heroism at this juncture.

A Turkish sergeant, on foot, fired straight at her as she passed.

By the width of scarce an inch, the bullet missed piercing her brain, but she answered it by a shot which sought and found the heart of the Turk, and he fell dead instantaneously.

In this way all the Englishmen got through the ranks of the foe and joined the chief.

The rest of the Arabs followed, but they had a hard task to do so, for the enemy now overwhelmingly outnumbered their reduced force.

But our friends were not to escape even thus easily.

The Turks made fresh and vigorous efforts, not only to prevent their retreat, but to effect their capture.

Seeing the peril they were in, Jack called to Thyra, and said:

"My good girl, you have acted with heroic bravery, but our danger is now greater than ever, and you must quit this scene."

"Never, dear Jack, while you are imperilled," she firmly replied.

"But you can aid me more that way than by staying," he said. "Listen, yonder is the sea, not more than two miles off. There is an English ship in the bay; its gallant sailors will not fail to assist their countrymen in distress. Go to them at once, your steed is swiftest of all. Ride—ride, for your life, dear girl."

Thyra needed no further urging.

"I will bring assistance to you," she cried, "or perish in the attempt."

She turned her steed, and was off in a minute at lightning speed.

On came the Turks, now headed by Abdullah, for his comrade, the captain of the guard, had been desperately wounded.

"We must capture them!" he cried to his men. "Forward, men—death or victory."

Jack and his men saw that resistance was useless against so overwhelming a force.

Flight was the only chance remaining to them.

Yet they could not give in without some attempt to punish their enemy.

Jack leveled his pistol at the vizier's head, but by a dexterous movement he avoided the shot.

"Yield, Christian dogs!" he thundered. "Yield to might and right, for your capture or death is inevitable."

"You do not know us boys of England," cried Jack. "We may be taken dead, but while a breath of life remains, we will never surrender to black-hearted Turks."

The vizier answered by ordering his men to surround the Christians, which they did their best to accomplish.

But by an agile movement, Jack and his friends suddenly turned and galloped off.

It was not in the direction of the sea, for retreat was at present cut off that way, but across the desert that they fled.

"Forward!" cried Abdullah. "They must not escape us."

For a considerable time this chase continued, till the English, by "doubling" again, changed the direction of their flight, and made towards the sea.

Hope arose within their hearts, for they saw a considerable number of well-armed English sailors, led by Thyra, coming towards them.

A few minutes' galloping joined them with these welcome allies, and this reinforcement enabled Jack again to defy the Turks.

The latter drew rein, and stood for awhile in hesitation.

This unexpected turn of affairs evidently disconcerted them.

But ere their horses could be put in motion again, Jack and his party were upon them, backed by their new allies.

The impetuosity of their charge was for a moment irresistible.

They bore down all the Turks before them.

The Turkish troopers recoiled as from the flight of a rocket.

Jack rode on like a hero of old.

His hair streamed in the wind as he darted through the air on his noble Arab steed.

His eyes flashed fire, and struck awe into each foe that approached him.

But he soon found himself surrounded by his enemies. Abdullah, who was at their head, cast himself upon Jack. Their horses were driven on their haunches by the force of the shock.

Half a dozen sabers at once circled around Jack's head.

Abdullah made a lunge at him with his sword, which would have proved the death of Jack had not Harry Girdwood at that instant caught the thrust upon his arm.

Poor Harry. His devotion to his friend had cost him dear.

He reeled, and would have fallen from his saddle, probably trampled to death, had not Bogey, at the risk of his own life, caught him and led his horse apart from the thick of the battle.

Burning to avenge his friend, Jack struck with all his force at Abdullah's head.

The interpreter received the blow upon his sword, which, proving the stronger of the two, Jack's weapon snapped in the clash, and he was left weaponless.

He seemed, indeed, at the mercy of his pitiless foe.

Abdullah smiled a cruel smile as he again raised his saber.

But that smile was his last.

A lance-head gleamed past Jack, and transfixed Abdullah through the chest, so that he was borne down among the trampling hoofs of the horses.

"Yah—yah; dat's one to me, Massa Jack," exclaimed Tinker, for he it was who had thus saved Jack's life.

Jack caught up Abdullah's sword, and by a desperate charge, cut through the opposing Turks, now "demoralized" by the loss of their leader, and regained his Bedouin and English friends.

By this time the heat was very great.

The sky was like a dome of steel.

The sands of the desert burnt under the fierce sun.

The dust flew in clouds, save where the blood of the wounded and dying had soaked into the arid soil.

Taking advantage of the confusion that now reigned in the Turkish force, the English and Arabs made a last desperate effort to escape their foes.

With a yell of defiance, the fierce Bedouins, led by Kara-al-Zariel, dashed through the ranks of the enemy, dealing destruction right and left.

Taking advantage of the disconcerted state of the foe, Jack and his friends were enabled again to join their Arab allies, and the retreat of the whole party towards the shore began in good earnest.

They would soon have distanced their now exhausted foes, but, ere the English vessel could be reached, another large body of Turks came up to the attack.

This force was led by no less a personage than the Pasha Ibrahim himself, whose fierce grey eyes glared beneath his shaggy brows at those who had slain his vizier.

Beside him rode the officer in command of his squadron, and another young man, in whom, although dressed in red *fez* and Turkish uniform, Jack recognized Herbert Murray.

He was attended by his servant Chivey, also dressed as a Turk.

They were all splendidly mounted; their horses fresh, and their troops well disciplined.

As the two parties approached, the pasha's eyes were fixed upon Thyra.

"It is the Pearl of the Isles," he exclaimed, "who was stolen by these infidels from the harem. She shall yet be mine. One thousand piasters to the man who will capture her."

A dozen of his men instantly started in pursuit of Thyra, who was a little in advance of her companions.

Her beautiful Arab steed seemed to have taken a sudden fright, for it started off at lightning speed, independent of Thyra's attempts to turn him, for she wished to die or escape by the side of her companions.

Separated from them, and pursued by a dozen well-armed men, her position was indeed perilous.

The speed of her horse seemed her only chance.

But the noble creature had been very hard worked that day, and after the first "spurt" showed signs of exhaustion.

The Turks, upon their fresh and fleet steeds, began to gain upon her every minute.

At length she was at bay, resolved to die defending herself and defying her enemies.

She placed her lance in rest as the foremost Turk came up.

Despite his efforts to avoid the weapon, she thrust it through his shoulder.

He fell, desperately, if not mortally wounded, and full of rage at being defeated by a woman.

His nearest companion now faced the beautiful Amazon, who rapidly drew her revolver—the one Jack had given her—and fired.

The ball took effect, for the Turk reeled in his saddle, and fell to the ground, dead.

The others now approached.

But Thyra discharged one, two, three shots

from her revolver, and the last killed the officer's horse, which staggered and fell, bringing the rider to the ground.

Thyra urged her steed again towards the sea.

Herbert Murray and Chivey now pressed forward, resolved to try and gain the pasha's reward, and the glory of achieving her capture.

Away went Thyra on her gallant steed.

She was near the sea now.

The murmur of its waves upon the sands resounded in her ears.

The British cruiser was seen about a mile away in the offing, and on the shore stood about half-a-dozen sailors, taking charge of the boats in which the armed force had come ashore.

They were anxiously watching for their companions to return, and on perceiving Thyra's peril, two of them went to her assistance.

And they arrived not a moment too soon.

Herbert Murray had ridden up to her.

Grasping the bridle of her steed, he thought he had effected her capture.

But at this moment a voice beside him cried out in English:

"Hands off there, you lubber!"

This showed that Thyra's call for help had been heard and responded to.

Murray turned, and saw the two stalwart British tars standing beside Thyra.

"Look here," continued the sailor, "if you don't leave this here young lady alone, and be off instanter, we'll take you aboard and let our captain deal with you."

Herbert Murray looked around, and seeing that the sailors were in a position to carry out their threat, angrily relinquished the chase, and turning his horse, rode off with Chivey, who had not approached quite so near.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### END OF THE CONTEST—DEATH OF THYRA.

THYRA was securely protected by these gallant tars until the rest of the party came up, which was not long, for after a slight skirmish, Jack and his friends managed to cut through the new force of opposing Turks, and make their way towards the ship.

Ibrahim Pasha, enraged at being thus defied, still pressed on, followed by all his force, but they only arrived at the shore in time to see Jack and the others embarking in the boats.

He now had recourse to threats.

"In the name of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan," he said, to the officer in command, "I command you to give up to me these Englishmen, who have escaped from justice."

"They are British subjects," returned the officer, "who have sought the protection of their flag."

"Shall British subjects commit crime and yet go free?" inquired Ibrahim.

"What crime have they committed?" asked the officer.

"Murder—the assassination of his highness, Moley Pasha!"

"What evidence have you to show to connect them with his death?" asked the officer. "If you have but sufficient evidence, they shall be tried before a proper tribunal. Where the English flag floats, justice shall be done to all."

The pasha bit his lip.

He knew that his evidence against these Englishmen was very slight, being in fact only the assertion of Murray and Chivey, and that any mistake on his part would bring on political trouble that might be his ruin, so he began to draw in.

"At least," he said, "you cannot refuse to give me back my own property, stolen from my palace."

"That's a reasonable request enough," answered the lieutenant. "Point out your property, and you shall have it."

"There it is," exclaimed Ibrahim, as he pointed to Thyra.

"That your property, eh?" said the astonished officer. "Well, a very nice property, too. But how was she stolen?"

"Stolen from my harem by that son of Eblis!" cried the old pasha, pointing to Jack.

"Ah, young man, I see how it is," said the officer, gravely shaking his head; "you've been going it rather too fast, and brought on this trouble all on account of this Greek girl."

"It's a lie," cried Jack, looking fiercely at the pasha; "she never was stolen, and never did belong to that old coffee-colored villain, and what's more, never shall, if Britons can protect her. She fled of her own accord from the palace of

Moley Pasha, before he arrived, and sought protection from me and my friends in the town."

"In that case," said the officer, "we cannot give her up, for the British government does not recognize slavery, domestic or otherwise. Under our flag she is free."

A cheer of defiance from the group of English sailors greeted this speech.

"By the soul of the prophet," fiercely exclaimed the pasha, "am I to be defied by a boy, and an infidel—a son of Sheitan, to boot?"

"Boy as I am, I defy you," retorted Jack.

This was a bold, but foolish and incautious speech, destined to be disastrous.

The pasha, goaded to madness by Jack's words and defiant manner, drew his pistol and discharged it pointblank at our hero.

The action was a rapid one—so rapid as to take Jack unawares, but not so rapid as the love-quickenings preceptions of Thyra.

She saw the pasha's movement, and throwing herself forward, seized Jack just in time to draw him aside.

By so doing, she saved his life, but at the expense of her own.

The bullet lodged in her breast, and with a cry she fell wounded into Jack's arms.

The disaster had come so quickly that our hero scarcely comprehended what had happened.

The pasha frowned darkly when he saw Thyra fall.

Some remorse was awakened, even in his iron heart.

He had intended to take a life, but not hers, and now indeed the Pearl of the Isles was lost to him for evermore.

"'Tis you now, pasha, who have committed crime," said the lieutenant, "and for this I call you to account. Surrender to answer for this deed."

"Surrender to Christian dogs! Never," answered the fierce Ibrahim.

"Then, men, fire upon these Turks," said the officer.

The rifles of the sailors were accordingly brought to cover on the pasha's force.

Ibrahim immediately recognized a fresh and imminent danger, and resolved to retreat.

Turning his horse, he gave the signal to his followers, and the whole body marched off rapidly, pursued by the fire of the English.

During this parley, Kara-al-Zariel and his Arabs had taken advantage of the preoccupation of their foes, to withdraw to the range of rugged rocks near the shore, which would at once shelter them from the attacks of the Turks and give them the advantage of being near their English allies in the ship.

But the pasha, now that the main objects of his expedition had escaped him, did not make any further attempts to pursue the Bedouins.

He and the remnant of his forces made the best of their way across the desert to the town.

And now all attention was drawn towards Thyra.

All perceived, with the deepest regret, that her hours were numbered.

She had been that day in the thick of more than one deadly conflict.

Hundreds of bullets had passed her, but this one, aimed at another, had only too successfully performed an errand of death.

Terrible indeed was the grief of Jack Harkaway.

"Oh, Thyra," he exclaimed, "my brave, dear girl, he has killed you!"

"I know it," she replied, with a mournful resignation, "but thank Heaven you, dear Jack, are saved."

"I have not deserved this devotion from you," said Jack, in broken accents, while the tears fell from his eyes, "but you must not—shall not die thus. Can nothing be done for her?" he asked, looking around at the others.

"I fear not," replied the lieutenant, "but she must at once be taken on board, and placed under the care of the surgeon."

Thyra had been lifted up and her wound staunched with her scarf.

"Here, Harry," said our hero, arousing himself from his grief, "help me to carry her to the boat."

But ere his friend could fulfil his request, a tall, wild form interposed between them, a brown, sinewy hand convulsively clutched Jack's arm to draw him away.

"No hand but mine," cried a voice broken by intense grief, "shall bear the Pearl of the Isles to yonder boat."

It was the Arab chief, Al Zariel, his face haggard with grief, his dark eyes gazing mournfully at the pale but beautiful face of her he loved.

He raised her tenderly, this wild warrior of

the desert—tenderly as a child, and disdained all aid, and bore her in his strong arms to the boat.

The others drew back; no one at that moment had the heart to say him nay.

Even the rough sailors, and the still rougher Arabs, were touched by the mournful scene before them.

It was indeed a solemn procession to the boats, almost a funeral *cortege*, for they bore one, who though not yet dead, would never see another day's sun arise.

Kara-al-Zariel gently deposited the dying girl in the boat.

"I have known her but a day," murmured the Arab chief, "and during that day she has shone upon my path like a gleam of sunshine from the gates of Paradise. From the first instant I saw her I loved her as I have loved no other, and as I shall love no other to my life's end."

He stooped and imprinted a passionate kiss upon that marble brow, pressing as he did so the lifeless hand, gazing into the fast-fixing eyes, and murmuring "Farewell" in his native tongue.

She understood him, and with a smile of gratitude, answered him in the same language.

The boat put off.

Kara-al-Zariel, standing on the sands, watched it for some moments, and then as if unable longer to bear the sight, turned away, knelt upon the beach, and covered his eyes with his hands.

It was not grief alone that made him kneel beneath the open vault of Heaven.

In that terrible moment he registered to Heaven a vow of vengeance against the pasha who had slain the Pearl of the Isles.

The sturdy tars bent to their oars, and the boat left the murmuring waters of the sunlit Mediterranean.

Arriving on the ship, Thyra was placed with all care and tenderness upon deck.

The doctor examined the wound, and shook his head gravely.

"I can do nothing here," he said, in subdued tones.

None answered him; only they saw too plainly that his words were final.

Poor Jack Harkaway! If ever in his young life he had felt grief, it was now, when he saw one who had so hopelessly loved him, dying through that very love.

"I am not afraid to die," said Thyra, in her low, faint voice, "and to die in this way is the best of all, for my future life might have made both you and myself unhappy."

"Unhappy! How could that be, Thyra?" asked Jack, as he knelt beside her, his hand clasped in hers, her dying eyes looking upward into his face.

"Because your love is given to another," she sighed, "and, therefore, mine is hopeless; but oh, may that other—whoever she may be—be now and ever happy in your love."

"You have died for my sake," he said, "and can you think I can feel anything but the deepest gratitude, the most tender feelings, toward you? Oh, dear Thyra, I love you now, if I have not before."

"To hear that from your lips," she murmured, "is to die happy. All I ask now is that you will always remember the little Greek girl who loved you, and—and who was unhappy in her life, and happy in her death."

"Remember you!" said Jack, "remember you, my noble Thyra, after what you have done? Always—always! Do not pain me by fearing that I may forget you."

"Then I am happy still; listen: Here is a chain and a cross of gold: keep them in remembrance of me, and when I am dead, have me conveyed, if it is possible, to the land of my birth, the beautiful island of Naxos, where my parents still live. Bury me there."

Jack promised this, and the old captain of the ship declared that he would have her last request fulfilled.

Thyra's strength was now almost exhausted, but, with a last effort, she raised herself from Jack's supporting arms, and addressed those around her.

"Friends," she said, "I give you many—many thanks for what you have done for me, in protecting me and aiding my escape. I can but give you thanks and my farewell. Farewell!" she added, "to the bright blue sky, the golden sea, and the beautiful green island where I was born, and where I hope to rest when I am no more."

Here her voice died into a murmur, and the rest was inaudible to all but Jack.

Jack stooped as the Arab chief had done, and impressed a fervent kiss upon the fair young face, still bent lovingly towards him. At that moment he felt an electric thrill convulse her frame, followed by a complete stillness. In that last fond embrace her spirit had fled.

Thyra's troubles were over.

Two days afterwards the ship, whose captain had undertaken to convey Jack and his friends from those turbulent shores, touched at the Greek island of Naxos. There Thyra's parents were found, and the sad news of their child's death communicated to them.

She was buried in the little cemetery close to the shore, and amid groves of cypress and gardens of flowers, where sweet birds sing and sea breezes softly murmur, lies the beautiful Greek girl who loved and died for young Jack Harkaway.

And all hearts were heavy with grief when, after the funeral they hoisted sail, and steered in a westerly direction.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MARSEILLES—MR. MOLE AS A LINGUIST—AN UGLY CUSTOMER AND HIS ENGLISH CONFEDERATE—A COMPACT OF MYSTERY—MR. MARKBY PLAYS A VERY DEEP GAME—THE SHADOW OF DANGER.

OUR friends had been some days at sea.

The weather was fair, and their progress was for a time slow.

At length one day there was a cry:

"Land ho!"

"Which?" said our hero, who was anxious for anything that would make him forget his great sorrow for Thyra.

"I remarked: 'Land ho!' Jack," said Mr. Mole, for it was he who first detected it.

"And I observed: 'Which?' sir," said Jack.

"And why that unmeaning interrogation?" demanded Mr. Mole.

"Your speech is an anomaly, Mr. Mole," responded Jack, mimicking the voice of his tutor in his happiest manner.

"Why so?"

"You say my question is unmeaning, and yet you ask an explanation of it. If there is no meaning in it, how can I explain it?"

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Mole. "No matter. You are too much given to useless arguments, Jack. I believe you would argue with the doctor attending you on your deathbed—yea, with the undertaker himself who had to bury you."

"That's piling it on, sir," said Jack, in a half reflective mood. "I dare say I should have a shy at the doctor if he tried to prove something too idiotic, but we must draw the line at the doctor. I couldn't argue with the undertaker at my own funeral, but I'll tell you what, Mr. Mole, no doubt I shall argue with him if he puts it on too stiff in his bill when we put you away."

"Jack!" exclaimed Mr. Mole, inexpressibly shocked.

"A plain deal coffin," pursued Jack, apparently lost in deep calculation; "an economical coffin, only half the length of an ordinary coffin, because you could unscrew your legs, and leave them to someone."

"That is very unfeeling to talk of my funeral, dreadful!"

"You are only joking there, I know, sir," returned Jack, "because you were talking of mine."

"Ahem!" said Mole; "do you see how near we are to land?"

"Quite so—quite so."

"Go and ask the captain the name of this port."

It proved to be Marseilles, and the captain knew it, as he had been sailing for it, and, moreover, they were very quickly ashore.

Mr. Mole was especially eager to air his French.

"You speak the language?" asked Jack.

Mr. Mole smiled superciliously at the question.

"Like a native, my dear boy—like a native," he replied.

"That's a good thing," said Jack, tipping the wink to Harry Girdwood; "for you can interpret all around."

\* \* \* \* \*

France was then going through one of its periodical upsets, and a good deal of unnecessary bother was made along the coast upon the landing of passengers.

Passports were partly dispensed with, but questions were put by fierce officials as to your name and nationality, which led up to nothing, for they accepted your reply implicitly as truth, and while it inconvenienced the general public, the Royalist, Republican, Orleanist, or whoever might chance to be of the revolutionary party for the time being, could chuckle as he told his fibs and passed on to the forbidden land.

M. le Commissaire confronted Mr. Mole, and barred his passage to interrogate him.

"Pardon, m'sieur, veuillez bien me dire votre nom?"

"What's that?" said Mole.

"Votre nom, s'il vous plaît," repeated the commissaire.

"Really, I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Sapristi!" ejaculated the commissaire, to one of his subordinates. "Quel type!"

"Now, Mr. Mole," said Jack, who was close behind the old gentleman, "why don't you speak up?"

"I don't quite follow him."

"He's only asking a question, you know. You polly-voo like a native."

"Yes; precisely, Jack. But I don't follow his accent. He's some peasant, I suppose."

"Votre nom!" demanded the official, rather fiercely this time.

"Now, then, Mr. Mole," cried a voice in the rear, "you're stopping everyone. Get it out and move on."

"Dear—dear me!" said Mole. "What does it mean?"

"He's asking your name," said Jack, "and you can't understand it."

"Oh!"

"I'll tell him for you, as you don't seem to know a word," said Jack. "Il s'appelle Ikey Mole," he added to the commissaire.

"Aike Moll," repeated the commissaire. "Il est Arabe?"

"Oui, monsieur. C'est un des lieutenants du grand Abd-el-Kader."

"Vraiment!" exclaimed the commissaire, in a tone of mingled surprise and respect. "Passez, M'sieur Aike Moll."

They went on, and Mole anxiously questioned Jack.

"I'm getting quite deaf," said he, by way of a pretext for not having understood the conversation. "Whatever were you saying?"

"I told him your name was Isaac Mole, sir," returned Jack.

"You said Ikey Mole, sir," retorted Mole, "and that is a very great liberty, sir."

"Not at all. Ike is the French for Isaac," responded the unblushing Jack.

"But what was all that they were saying about Arab?"

"Arab!" repeated Jack, in seeming astonishment.

"Yes."

"Didn't hear it myself."

"I certainly thought I caught the word Arab," said Mr. Mole, giving Jack a very suspicious glance.

"You never made a greater mistake, sir, in your life."

"How very odd."

"Very."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Cannebiere is the chief promenade in Marseilles, and the inhabitants of this important seaport are not a little proud of it.

Two men sat smoking cigarettes and sipping lazily at their *grog au vin* at the door of one of the numerous cafes in the Cannebiere.

To these two men we invite the reader's attention.

One was a swarthy-looking Frenchman from the south, a man of a decent exterior, but with a fierce and restless glance.

He was the sort of man whom you would sooner have as a friend than as an enemy.

A steadfast friend—an implacable foe!

That was what you read in his peculiar physiognomy, in that odd mixture of defiance and fearlessness, those anxious glances, frankness and deceit, the varied expressions of which passed in rapid succession across his countenance.

This man call himself Pierre Lenoir, although he was known in other ports by other names.

Pierre Lenoir was a sort of Jack of all trades.

He had been apprenticed to an engraver, and had shown remarkable aptitude for that profession, but, being of a rowing and restless disposition, he ran away from his employer to ship on board a merchant vessel.

After a cruise or two he was wrecked, and narrowly escaped with his life.

\* "He calls himself Ikey Mole," says Jack to the commissaire de police.

"Aike Moll!" repeats the commissaire, pronouncing the incongruous sounds as nearly as he can. "Why, he must be an Arab."

To which Jack, with all his ready impudence, replies:

"Yes, sir, he is an Arab. He was one of Abd-el-Kader's lieutenants."

We need scarcely remind our readers that Abd-el-Kader was the doughty Arab chief who made so heroic a resistance to the French in Algiers.

This satisfied the commissaire, who respectfully bade Mole pass on.

Tired of the sea, for awhile he obtained employment with a medallist, where his skill as an engraver stood him in good stead.

From this occupation he fled as soon as his ready adaptability had made him a useful hand to his new master, and took to a roving life again. What he was now doing in Marseilles no one could positively assert.

How it was that Pierre Lenoir had such an abundant supply of ready money, the progress of our narrative will show—for with it are connected several of not the least exciting episodes in the career of young Jack Harkaway.

So much for Pierre Lenoir.

Now for his companion at the cafe.

He was called Markby, and as his name indicates, he was an Englishman.

Being but a poor French scholar, he had scraped up an acquaintance with Pierre Lenoir, chiefly on account of the latter's proficiency in the English language.

There is little to be said concerning Markby's past history, for reasons which will presently be apparent.

What further reason he may have had for cultivating the friendship of the rover, Pierre Lenoir, will show itself in due course.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have disposed of that last batch of five-franc pieces," said Markby. "Here are the proceeds."

"Keep it back," exclaimed Lenoir, hurriedly.

"What for?"

"It is sheer madness for us to be seen conversing together," replied Lenoir, casting an anxious glance about him from behind his hat, which he held in his hand so as to shield his features, "much less to be seen exchanging money; why, it is suicidal—nothing less."

"Is there any danger, do you think?"

"Do I think? Do I know? Why, this place is literally alive with spies—*mouchards*, as we call

them here. Every second man you meet is a *mouchard*."

"Do you mean it?"

"Rather."

"That's not a pleasant thing to know," said Markby.

"I don't agree with you there," replied Lenoir.

"Forewarned, forearmed, is a proverb in your language. But now tell me about this friend and countryman of yours."

"He's no friend of mine," returned Markby. "I know him as a great traveler, and one who has opportunities of placing more false—"

"Hush, imprudent!" interrupted Lenoir. "Call it stock. You know not how many French spies may be passing, or how near we are to danger."

Markby took the hint given him, and continued:

"Well, stock. He can place more—he has probably placed more than any man alive. He travels about *en grand seigneur*—lords it in high places and disposes of the counterf—"

"Stock."

"Stock, in regular loads. But he's as wary as a fox—nothing can approach him in cunning."

"The very man I want!" exclaimed Lenoir. "This fellow could, with my aid, make a fortune for himself and me in less than a year—a large fortune."

"You are very sanguine," said Markby, with a smile.

"I am, but not over sanguine. I speak by the book, for I know well what I am talking of. You must introduce me."

"You are running on wildly," said Markby. "Did I not tell you that he did not know me—that he would not know me if he did? So careful is he that his own brother would fail to draw anything from him concerning the way in which he gets his living."

"Dame!" muttered Lenoir, "he seems a precious difficult fellow to approach."

"Yes, on that subject," responded Markby; "but he's genial and agreeable enough if you introduce yourself by accident, as it were, and chat upon social topics generally, without the vaguest reference to the subject nearest your heart."

"How shall I ever lead him up to the point?"

"Easily. For instance, talk about art matters. Allude to your gallery of sculpture. Ask him, is he fond of bas reliefs? Tell him of your skill as a medallist."

"Medallist might put him on the scent, if he is so dreadfully wary," said Lenoir.

"No fear. He would never dream of such a thing. Medalling being a sort of sister art to what most interests him, he would be sure to bite at the chance. You lead him to your little underground snuggery, and once all need for his wonderful caution will be at an end."

"I see," said Lenoir, rubbing his hands. "But stay"—and here his face grew a bit serious—"this fellow is faithful?"

"True as steel," responded Markby.

"That's right," said Lenoir, with a look that caused a twinge of uneasiness to be felt by his companion, "for woe betide the man that plays me false."

"No fear of this man—man, I call him, but he is in appearance at least little more than a lad, although he has traveled all over the world."

Here Markby arose to move away.

"Stop a bit," said Lenoir. "I have forgotten to ask rather an important detail."

"What is it?"

"The name of this fellow?"

"Jack Harkaway," was the reply.

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